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VOL. VIII. (NEW SERIES) No. 48. OCTOBER, '99.

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INDIGNATION

# Miss Irene Vanbrugh :

## HER ART AND HERSELF

WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



OUTWARDLY, No. 90, Earl's Court Road shines in no way superior to its neighbours. It stands, a solemn, comfortable house, an exact replica of its companions of the terrace, also solemn, comfortable houses ; but there is no one house in town whose inmates provide more pleasure for the people of London.

From it, on very many nights during the year, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) go to their various theatres, and thousands are the happier for their efforts.

Within a little room, cool, and lined with books and photographs, Miss Irene Vanbrugh talked to me about herself, about her art, and about "The Gay Lord Quex."

Those who have only seen Miss Irene Vanbrugh on the stage, clothed for the time in the fancies of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, or Mr. Barrie, can easily realise her tremendous dramatic power ; but so entirely is she wedded to the part of the moment, so entirely is her own self sunk in the character that the author has drawn, that from a simple acquaintance across the footlights it is impossible to properly appreciate the delightful magnetism of her own personality.

Thousands have come to know Sophie Fulgarney, Kitty Clive, and a score of other women, whose heroism or whose folly she has presented to the public ; but Irene Vanbrugh is a person apart from all these. She is a great actress, not a leading lady, on the foundation of whose appearance, mannerisms and personality dramatic authors have been content to construct part after part. You cannot readily take up the script of a play and say, "What a splendid Irene Vanbrugh part !" because there is no particular class of part associated with

Irene Vanbrugh, and I hope there never will be. Up to now, she has given us a delightful gallery of portraits, but they have all been portraits belonging to different schools of painting. In the long future, assisted by the playwrights of to-day, and one or two more, whom, it is fervently to be hoped, will presently appear, she is sure to give us a greater and even more delightful variety of portraits—here a Reynolds, so to speak, here a Carolus Duran, and here, perhaps, a Jan Van Beers.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh is tall and slim, and the extreme erectness of her carriage impresses one at once. No elaborate "coiffing" spoils the natural beauty of her hair, which sweeps back from a high forehead. About her there is no striving for effect at all, yet the whole picture is charmingly effective. Of her eyes I could write a great deal ; they are large and brown, and they soften the extreme intellectuality of the face. So slight is she, that you might suppose her very delicate ; but there is an elasticity and spring about her movements which show how great is the reserve force lurking in that fragile frame. And she needs it, for there are few actresses who could night after night sustain the tremendous tension of the wonderful third act in "The Gay Lord Quex," without suffering before long from mental and physical collapse.

The temptation to reserve herself for that tremendous third act—to begin easily, "skate through the earlier portions of the play," and not make her effort till the great opportunity that Mr. Pinero has given her in the bedroom scene—must be a big one ; but Miss Vanbrugh most worthily resists it. "I confess," she told me, "that on nights when I am not feeling quite at my best I am sorely tempted to sacrifice the first two acts for the sake of the third ; but I am determined not to yield,

and I think I shall be able to keep to my resolve."

How many of the great actresses of the world, not even omitting the great Sarah, could truthfully affirm the same?

Miss Irene Vanbrugh has played many parts, and has played them in three different continents, but she is still very young, and she has made an overwhelming success at an age when most actresses are still laboriously climbing the ladder of fame.

She and her sister Violet began their stage career proper under the tuition of the late Miss Sarah Thorne, at Margate and Chatham. Miss Vanbrugh sets no reserve to her praise of Miss Sarah Thorne's school of acting. "It will be very hard to find a successor to her," she said. "Under her charge a girl very soon learnt whether she had any real ability or not, and if she had, Miss Thorne gave her the best possible opportunity of developing it. We played every kind of play there; comedy, farce, and drama of the deepest dye; while at Christmas there came the pantomime, so that the Juliet of a week ago might be the Prince Paragon of the Yule-tide extravaganza, and when the curtain had been for the last time rung down on the harlequinade, might don the make-up of Lady Macbeth, or Lady Isobel in 'East Lynne.' Were Miss Thorne still alive, I should unhesitatingly advise any aspirant to stage honours to place herself in her school. It will be very difficult to fill her place," concluded Miss Vanbrugh, sadly.

The late Lewis Carroll was a great admirer of Miss Vanbrugh's acting, and used to come to Margate from Eastbourne, where he spent the greater part of every summer. "He was a very candid dramatic critic," she told me, "and always said what he thought, whether it was uncomplimentary or no.

Lewis Carroll would have been pleased, had he lived, to have witnessed Miss Vanbrugh's greatest triumph, but whether he would have approved of the "Gay Lord Quex" is open to doubt.

From her apprenticeship with Sarah Thorne, Miss Vanbrugh went to Mr. Toole, and played with him in "Walker, London." Then, still with Mr. Toole, she paid a long visit to Australia, play-

ing in every play in Mr. Toole's *répertoire*.

"I think that was even better training than Miss Thorne's school," she said; "not only was I constantly playing a new part, but I was constantly playing to a different type of audience. We visited all sorts of Australian cities, large and small, and one was pretty certain before long to find out the weak points in one's method."

Miss Vanbrugh liked the Australian play-goers; she found them appreciative and enthusiastic. "But they are not over-discerning," she said; "once they make a favourite they will stick through thick and thin to their belief in that favourite. They are, more than any audiences, prone to like a personality, and to want that personality in every part."

Miss Vanbrugh severed her connection with Mr. Toole to play in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Tempter," at the Haymarket. It was a good play, but somehow or other offended the public, and did not enjoy a long run. Then came another of Jones' plays, "The Masqueraders," and after that, Oscar Wilde's delightful comedy, "The Importance of being Earnest," at the St. James' Theatre.

When Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who had married Miss Violet Vanbrugh, took the little Royalty Theatre, and joined the ranks of the actor-managers, Miss Irene Vanbrugh naturally enlisted under his banner, and helped in no uncertain manner to make the success of the "Chili Widow." It was at the Royalty too, that she gave her delightful performance of Kitty Clive, in Mr. Frankfort Moore's delightful little comedy of that name.

In the phenomenally successful play "The Liars," at the Criterion, Miss Vanbrugh had once more to play a part written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Of the play, which she regards as Mr. Jones' masterpiece, and of Charles Wyndham's acting in it she cannot speak too highly. She left "The Liars," to create a part in Mr. Pinero's old-fashioned comedy, "Trelawney of the Wells," in which play she had to wear an ample crinoline. I asked her if she and her companions found the management of their ungainly costumes very troublesome.



"Of course we had a number of dress rehearsals," she said, "and for the first night or two we were a little nervous, lest the ludicrous (to modern eyes) design of our dresses might destroy the effect of the play, but as soon as we had got used to them ourselves the audience seemed to get used to them too. It was a bold experiment, and had not the play been so good, the dresses might very likely have killed it.

That he should have selected Miss Irene Vanbrugh for this most important part shows how extraordinarily keen is Mr. Pinero's perception of a player's abilities. Miss Vanbrugh had in all her career played no part at all similar to Sophie Fulgarney. She had never acted with Mr. John Hare. Would an ordinary manager or play-writer have divined that she was the one actress for the part? It is very unlikely. But Mr. Pinero



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS "SOPHY FULGARNEY" IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX"

*From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS & WALERY*

As it turned out, though, the run of the play was not a very long one, and it was a decided artistic success."

Miss Vanbrugh stayed on at the Court Theatre to play in "His Excellency The Governor," and then, after a brief rest, came the chance of her lifetime, the part of the little Cockney manicurist, Sophie Fulgarney, in "The Gay Lord Quex."

divined it, with a result most satisfactory to himself, to Miss Vanbrugh, to Mr. John Hare, and to the general public.

This is Miss Irene Vanbrugh's stage career up to the present. When she has finished with "The Gay Lord Quex," and that will not be for a very long time—for an American tour looms ahead—Miss Vanbrugh's plans are uncertain; however, she wishes nothing

better than another part written for her by Mr. Pinero, "better even than Sophie Fulgarney," if that be possible.

Though Miss Vanbrugh has toured in Australia and in America, where her tour with her brother-in-law, Mr. Bouchier, came to an unfortunately early end, owing to her sister Violet's illness, she has no stories of extraordinary adventures to tell. "Everyone has been very kind to me everywhere, and I'm afraid that is all that I have to say. No, I've had no hair-breadth escapes, and I have never been annoyed by lunatics," that is her story.

"Of course, I love my work, and am never happier than when playing," she said. "I have had to work pretty hard, and have had my share of disappointments, but I have enjoyed it all the time; I could bear no other kind of life."

Yet, though Miss Vanbrugh is herself so enthusiastic about her art, she by no means advises all girls who fancy themselves as actresses to embrace the dramatic profession. "My own lines have been cast in pleasant enough places," she said, "but if there is a struggle, the stage life is the most cruel of all lives. If a girl has no real talent for the work, let her, in preference, try anything else. The slavery and misery attendant on making a bare living by the exercise of very moderate abilities out of the stage, is beyond description."

Supposing that a girl has some private income and a great longing to act, Miss Vanbrugh is disposed to regard her chance with more favour. She agreed with me that the stage, like literature, though an extremely bad crutch, was an excellent stick.

I asked her how she thought a girl ought to begin. "Now that Sarah Thorne is dead, I know of no proper training-school," she said; "but a *débutante* must have every sort of experience. Let her play in every class of play that she can get a part in, and she'll soon find something that, above all other things, suits her. Of course, there are no more proper stock companies," lamented Miss Vanbrugh; "and I think most decidedly that they should be got together again."

"But where," I asked. "In the minor

theatres of No. 2 towns, where an intelligent audience is absolutely unknown?"

"Oh no; I think that some of the suburban theatres ought to run a regular stock season. Then, if any actor or actress made a hit, he or she should easily and quickly be seen by a London manager. There would then be no hiding of shining lights under the bushel of a second-rate touring company."

Miss Vanbrugh is most emphatically of opinion that every member of the dramatic profession gets, at one time or another, a proper chance to show his or her worth. "You will find," she said, "that the people who complain about their unjustly hidden talent are those who have had the chances to show their worth, but have abused them. For instance; once when I was playing at the St. James' Theatre, the understudying of my part was given to three girls. One night, I was unable to play. All three of the girls were sent for; but two of them, deeming it unlikely that I should ever be off, and disinclined for labour, had made no attempt to even learn the part. The third girl played it, did well, and is now playing parts regularly. Those other two girls had deliberately wasted a chance that might not come their way again for months. In no profession more than the stage must the beginner be on the alert to seize every opportunity. It is a profession that, like literature again, is terribly overstocked with dullards, who could never aspire to playing anything but the most commonplace of rôles; but to really clever men and women the stage holds out open arms of welcome. There is plenty of room for them."

Miss Irene Vanbrugh reads a good deal, and keeps herself abreast of the tide of popular fiction. She has no very favourite author or authoress, but confesses to a weakness for Anthony Hope's work. His play, too, "Lady Ursula," she thinks a masterpiece. However, she does not think that novelists should be allowed to dramatise their own books. "Supposing a novel makes a great success," she said, "and it is considered that a good play might be made out of it; well, the last person in the world who ought to be allowed

to effect the book's transformation into dramatic shape is the author of it. There are sure to be some passages in his book which, in his mind, are especially worthy. However unsuitable to dramatic requirements those passages may be, they will be somehow or other worked into the play. No, the dramatisation of a novel should be entrusted to a practical playwright, who should have *carte blanche*."

wedded to brilliant dialogue. She thinks that that was the secret of Mr. Wilde's success as a playwright; he never forgot the necessary melodramatic touches.

Miss Vanbrugh does not cycle, or indulge in any field sports, but she makes a point of getting all the fresh air she can. "A good blow on a 'bus in the morning is the best tonic possible for a tired player," she told me. "I attribute my own good health to the amount of



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX"

From Photo by W. & D. DOWNEY

"But Mr. Barrie's 'Little Minister'?" I protested.

"Oh, of course there must be one exception; and Mr. Barrie is a practical playwright as well."

Miss Vanbrugh declines to express any opinion on the future of the British stage. Her own idea of a perfect play is one in which, like the "Gay Lord Quex," or, to go back a little, "Lady Windermere's Fan," dramatic action is

fresh air that I manage to get into my lungs during the day."

Altogether, she is as charming a representative of the British stage as one could wish to meet. Professionally, I am inclined to think she is our greatest actress. I grudge Mr. Pinero the success of "Lord Quex," because it will keep us waiting for so long before we can see Miss Vanbrugh in another part.



WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS

**A**BOUT a year ago most of the Parisian newspapers contained an obituary notice of Paul Vavin, the art critic.

In the places where people talked about art—indeed, in all the coteries which prided themselves on being a little more cultured than their neighbours—his name and work were known. He had more or less, one might say, invented a new attitude towards pictorial art.

His writings were quite ephemeral, and even now are forgotten; but he had a success of novelty which extended over some months; and a year ago, when he died at Envermeau, his decease excited considerable comment. A very striking personality had possibly something to do with this; for by his personality, even more than by his writings, Vavin had made his impression in Paris. The photographs that were published in several illustrated papers at the time of his death gave no true idea of his appearance. He was one of those people who, to use the slang of the dark room, “do not take well,” and his portraits were always egregious failures. His figure was well known upon the Boulevards. Despite a distinct stoop, he still looked very

tall, his great emaciation doubtless adding to the impression. His face was long and thin, and of an extreme pallor, and there was something repulsive in the hard line of his almost lipless mouth and the undue prominence of his lower jaw. His masses of curly black hair—hair in which there was something irresistibly suggestive of negro blood—only served to accentuate the unhealthy paleness of his complexion. His eyes gave more index to his character and habits of life than did any other feature.

They were large and dark, reminding one of pieces of black glass, and, generally, they were dull and lifeless to a degree that was unnatural. At rare moments they blazed into a light that pointed to but one estimate of his mental condition. In fact, a few weeks before he died his friends and intimates perceived that his continued debaucheries were at last having an abnormal effect upon his temperament. His writing became more fantastic in its views; and the ugly, the grotesque, and the wicked in art began to throw him into that terrible dream glamour which fascinates and possesses so many of the younger generation in France.

Vavin was no more evil in his life





“A VERY STRIKING PERSONALITY

than most of his contemporaries, and no more distinguished in his work. He was a type of the character that results from a morbid and vicious life: and it is only the facts attending his death, which he desired should be made public, that invest him with more interest than twenty other young Parisian decadents one could name.

That he was sincerely, truly penitent, Father Gougi (through whose instrumentality the facts have been made public) vouches for; and though the ordinary man cannot but regard such a sudden, death-bed repentance with some suspicion, the wish that the incidents of Envermeau should be told to his friends seems to point to some spirit of contrition. The horror of such a life as Vavin led was well matched by the horror of what he saw

before he quitted it; for, living an abnormal life, his punishment also was abnormal.

Whether he really saw what he professed to see, or whether his shattered nerves merely presented to his brain a terror which had no existence, it is not within the province of this account to decide. In either case the warning is as strenuous. It is sufficient to say that the story has had the effect of pulling up at least one young French writer, who was rapidly travelling on the way which would have led him to a frightful insanity and a lingering death.

Paul Vavin, at the time the following events occurred, was in the full enjoyment of an easily-earned celebrity. He wrote on art matters for several newspapers; and in his criticisms he found, or professed to find, some fantastic and grotesque meaning in nearly all the work which he reviewed.

This, of itself, would not have been sufficient to command success if it had not been that there was undeniably something in his writings which succeeded in giving the people who read them an uneasy feeling that he might possibly be right. When he found an ugly meaning in a beautiful thing, he was clever enough to invest this theory with some probability; and he accordingly found some fame, and a great deal of money, in providing Parisians with a new sensation. He taught them, in fact, to imagine corruptness. The money he earned at his trade he spent in every vicious indulgence.

One morning in the summer of '97 he went to the offices of a newspaper for which he did a great deal of work, to decide with the editor the subject of his next article. It was about the time that the poster, as an artistic factor in modern life, had become generally recognised. M. Lautrec in France, and the Beggarstiffs in England, had conclusively proved to the public that the poster was to be regarded as a serious endeavour, and all Paris was interested in the subject of “Affiches.” Just at the moment two artists—who worked together in much the same way as Messrs. Pryde and Nicholson—had achieved an extraordinary and triumphant success. Beaugerac and Stein—

for those were the names of the two artists—had made an enormous sensation. Discarding the many-coloured posters of most of their co-workers, they drew only in sombre tints, and with the utmost economy of means. Their posters did not attempt to be pictures, or anything like pictures, and at once the public saw that they were good posters. Stein and Beaugerac neither painted nor drew: they “arranged masses”—that was all.

Strangely enough no journal had as yet been able to obtain an interview with these two men, who consistently declined publicity. It was known that they lived and worked somewhere near the great forest of Arques in Normandy, but that was all. Their views on artistic matters could only be guessed at by their work. Vavin himself had written one or two highly eulogistic notices of their productions, in which he had succeeded in finding out nothing of their personal opinions, and they had declined several requests for interviews. On this particular morning, however, the editor of *Le Vrai Salon* informed him that he had received a letter from Stein which at last acceded to his proposals for an interview, and which asked that M. Vavin, in preference to any other critic, should be sent to visit them.

“Will you undertake this?” he said to him. “The opportunity is one which will not occur again, and will give you the chance of turning out an article which will be very widely read and commented upon. I need hardly say that I am excessively pleased at our success.”

“Certainly I will go,” said Vavin; “nothing will please me better. But, *nom d’une pipe!* where in France is Envermeau?”

“Envermeau,” said the editor, “is a village in Normandy, on the edge of the forest of Arques. It is eight or nine miles inland from Dieppe, and to get there, as far as I can find out, your best way will be to go straight to Dieppe, and then drive to the village. The name of the house is ‘Le Maison Noir.’”

“I go,” said Vavin, “to-morrow. To-day I drink. Come now to Père Santerey’s and taste absinthe, my friend. All Paris is abroad, and if the nasty

yellow sun were put out and the gas lamps lit, I should be even happy. But come—*buvoons!*—*déjeuner* will be the better for it.”

They went out together into the glorious sunshine, and sat for an hour under the awning of the Café Llamy, just opposite the great gate of the Louvre. The watering carts had laid all the dust on the white roads, and, despite the sun, the air was delightfully fresh and cool and alive with musical sounds. The little boys with their long-drawn shouts of “La Presse! La Presse!” the merry beat of drums as a company of little blue soldiers went marching by, the tinkling of the ice in the flagons of amber and honey-coloured beer, all went to make up a *mise-en-scène* that had a most gay and joyous influence. M. Varnier, the editor, was a man peculiarly alive to the promptings of colour and sound, and he leant back in his little chair smoking his *caporal* and drinking his beer, intensely enjoying this moment of physical ease.

Vavin looked ghastly in the bright daylight. He resembled some figure at a *bal masqué*, which should only be seen in artificial radiances. As he talked extravagantly to the editor, waving his long bony hands to emphasise his remarks, he attracted a good deal of attention, and his cup of happiness was full when he heard a man, who had come out of the big *Magazin du Louvre* opposite, say to his wife “Look! there’s Paul Vavin.”

After a time, Varnier went away to *déjeuner*, leaving Vavin, who could not eat, alone. He sat there for another hour, drinking without cessation, and then, his potations having induced in him for an hour or two something almost like the energy of an ordinary man, set out for the Boulevard, where he should see his friends and exchange some of the gossip of the day.

The first person he met was Dotricourt, the perfect boulevardier. Dotricourt was said, in Paris, to be the absolute type of the *flaneur*. He had brought lounging to a fine art, and, fortunately possessed of a moderate income, he loafed happily through life. His knowledge of every one who had done anything was extensive and valuable.

He could tell you something of almost anyone about whom you might be seeking information, and to the journalists of Paris he was a constant and never-failing resource. A creature of good nature and bad company, he was absolutely free from prejudice, and all the time he could spare from the study of life he spent in neglecting its obligations. Withal, although he had never been

standing by a kiosk on the pavement, talking to the girl who was selling newspapers.

When they were seated at the café, Vavin told Dotricourt of his mission the next day, and asked him if he knew anything of Beaugerac or Stein, who they were, and what manner of life they lived. The *flâneur* looked curiously at the other before he made any reply.



“IS IT NECESSARY THAT YOU SHOULD GO?”

heard to say a good thing of anyone, he had never been known to do anyone any harm. He himself, when taxed with his omissions or the futility of a method of life which, while it annoyed others, certainly pleased himself, would bow and say, *Je suis, Dotricourt—flâneur* / and consider that the discussion was at an end. Vavin saw his fat little figure

“Is it necessary that you should go?” he said.

“Yes, I must go; the opportunity is too good to be missed. I shall entirely hold the field. It is naturally a nuisance. But why do you ask that?”

“Well, I wouldn’t go; that is all,” said Dotricourt.

“You are talking in riddles, and the

Boulevard is no place for sphinxes. Tell me what you mean."

"If I did you would only laugh. I have the greatest reluctance to tell you, owing to the way the information came into my hands. I must beg of you not to press me."

"But, my friend, this is unfair. You solemnly warn me against my proposed journey and then leave me in doubt and suspense as to what you mean. I really must insist on knowing."

"Soit," said Dotricourt, "I will tell you"; and with a quick glance round he leant forward and whispered in the other's ear. Vavin started, and quickly made the sign of the cross. Then he emptied his glass and began to laugh. "Poof!" said he, throwing out his right hand. "Look at the sun; listen to the people of Paris. Can you and I believe these things in the Paris of to-day? Bah! leave such imaginations to the priests who invented the devil, and Huysman who invented his worship. We are not on the level of those little journals written for *cocottes* who love to fill their empty little heads with horror. We are men. Louis, two coffees, and bring me the brandy in the bottle."

He leant back laughing loudly, an unpleasant sight, with his long pale face and wicked mouth. Dotricourt shrugged his shoulders. "As you will, Paul," he said, "for my part, though, I do not think about things which appear incredible; I am wise enough to allow that they may possibly exist. But, as you say, we are men; Paris is here, let us enjoy it, you and I. You do not start till to-morrow, you say?—good. To-night we will be merry with some friends of mine in the Quartier, who after three years of penury have sold a picture well and are giving a feast to all the world. There will be Filles d'Angleterre and Groggs américaines. Shall it be so?"

"Parfaitement," said Vavin, giving the true Boulevard twang to that useful and long-suffering word, and about nine o'clock they went to the feast, which by midnight degenerated into the usual orgie of the Quartier Latin. It was the last time Vavin degraded himself in this world.

About midday next morning, ill and tremulous, he took the train for Dieppe.

It was a perfect day for a journey, serene and sunny, a day in which the blood raced in one's veins from the pure joy of living in a beautiful world. The sky was like a great hollow turquoise, and all along the line the sweet cider orchards of Normandy were a mass of pink and cream colour. Vavin noticed none of these things. He was reading some abominable little gutter rag, and as far as his throbbing nerves and aching head would allow him, he enjoyed its scurrility. He rolled and smoked innumerable cigarettes of black tobacco, inhaling the smoke deep into his craving lungs, and from time to time drank some cognac from a flask. There was something peculiarly revolting in the fellow, and he seemed a blot on the beautiful day God was giving to France.

As they left Rouen, and the giant spire of the cathedral flashed away behind, stark in the warm sky, his head sank on his breast, his lower jaw dropped, and he fell into an uneasy sleep. He was awakened at Dieppe by the stopping of the train and the invigorating sea air upon his face.

He determined that he would wait an hour or two, before he drove to Envermeu, and see what celebrities were on the Plage or in the Casino. Dieppe was alive with gaiety and colour, and the Casino Terrace was crowded with well-dressed people of different nationalities. Down below, the green sea with its pearl and yellow lights leapt under the slanting sun-rays. Everything was gay and delightful, for every effort of Nature and Art combined to make it so. There was a good band playing on the Terrace, and as Vavin sat there idly, feeling the better for his sleep, his sluggish blood began to stir within him and something of the light-heartedness that was in the very air entered into him also. The light was very long and the sweet melancholy of a summer's evening was stealing over land and sea when he got into a carriage and slowly mounted the steep hill past the Octroi station, which was surrounded with market-carts full of the produce of the country side. He cursed his luck as the carriage came out into the long white high road. He would much rather have been in Dieppe and spent a bright evening in the Casino, where there was a



dance, or sitting in the Café des Tribunaux with some congenial friend. The peace of the woods and fields found no echo in his heart, and the delicate sound of the breeze, as it rustled among the quivering leaves of the roadside poplar trees, fell on his ears with no meaning.

He had not always been so. In his early youth he had listened to the voices of wood and hill and torrent and found some responsive echo in his own heart. He had known something of the poetry of life when he was a boy. But Paris, with its life full of evil sensation, and a strenuous greediness after every material pleasure, had killed his delicate emotions, and as he rode towards his death Nature's last message came to him unheeded. As, in a dull and petulant mood, he sat in the carriage, he was a striking example of the mere "folly" of debauchery. When he arrived at last at the little village of Envermeau he stopped at the cabaret the "Pannier d'or," and inquired about the road to the Maison Noir. The house, the landlord told him, was on the very outskirts of the wood, and there was no road to it that a carriage could traverse.

It was, however, added the patron, an easy way, and Jean the stable-boy could carry his bag if he intended to stop there for the night. Vavin had been proffered the hospitality of a bed by the artists in the letter they had written to Varnier, and accepting the offer of a porter he stepped into the inn and ordered a cognac. He sat there for a few minutes smoking a cigarette, and he noticed that the inmates of the house seemed to be in some trouble.

The landlord's face was white and drawn, with the look of one who had not slept, and the eyes of his wife, a buxom Norman girl, were red with weeping. The few peasants who were in the place, drinking a rummer of beer after their work in the fields was done, talked in subdued tones, and now and again ventured a word of sympathy to the host and his wife. An air of gloom and also of expectation seemed to hang over the place, and every chance footstep on the road outside attracted instant attention. At last a firm tread was heard upon the flags, mingled with the

clank or metal against stone, and the village *gendarme* entered.

"Ah, Pierre!" said the woman with a catching of the breath. "You have heard something, have you not? You have found her? Tell me you have!"

"No, Marie," said the man, "not yet, I do not know anything yet; but courage! They are all out on the country side. They will find her by night; no harm can come to her. The little one is asleep in the wood, that is all, and our Good Lady will watch over her tenderly, you may be sure. She is certain to do it—our Lady. Père Gougi is even now upon his knees in church, and you know he has great influence with the Blessed Dame. So courage, Marie and Michel! I will find your little Cerisette before moonrise. Even now they may have found her—all the boys are beating through the wood. How we shall all laugh to-night, shall we not? It will be a good excuse for a carouse. *Au revoir!*" And twirling his heavy moustache and throwing back his head with a confident gesture, the worthy fellow clanked out into the street. His firm and cheery voice, and the official air which his uniform gave to his utterances, had a reassuring effect upon every one.

"*Eh bien, ça ira,*" said one rustic to another, "Pierre will find little Cerisette, he has a wonderful mind. What he does not know I would not give a dried apple for. He is *bon garçon* is Pierre."

The sorrowful mother herself seemed a little comforted, and Michel turned to Vavin and said:

"Ah, yes, m'sieu, we shall find her soon if Father Gougi prays for her; it will be all quite right soon, only, m'sieu, you may conceive that we are a trifle disturbed. Our little girl is only three years old, and it's a bad thinking to know the poor little mite has lost herself with evening falling."

Vavin was rather touched, a sensation that surprised him as it came.

"Oh, you will find little Cerisette to-night," he said kindly, "and look you, to-morrow I will come and make her acquaintance with a handful of bonbons, and then she will not be frightened by my ugly face. And now give me a stable-lad to lead me to the Maison



"BOWED POLITELY TO THE STRANGER"

Noir, for it grows late, and before dark I must be there. Good night and good fortune; the angels will watch over Cerisette."

He went out into the street with something like tenderness in his heart; and the simple love of the peasant and his wife, and their belief that the Mother of God would keep watch and ward over the little wandering child brought a mist before the eyes of the boulevardier. One is glad now to think that he was a little touched. He walked down the village street with the stable-lad trudging by his side, and, as they passed the church, the

*cure* came out, a kindly and venerable old man, and bowed politely to the stranger. The way went past the village mill, over a little bridge leading to the cornfields which skirted the wood, which was beginning to show black against the rosy western sky.

"Is it far?" Vavin asked the guide.

"But some fifteen minutes from here," said the boy. "Monsieur will not be in the least fatigued. The chalet is on the edge of the wood."

"And what are they like, the artist gentlemen who live there?"

"I have never seen them," said the boy, "but they do not come to mass,

and they do say in the village that there is something strange about them. There is a big one and a little one, and M. Michel says that the big one is like Satan himself. But I do not believe him. M. Michel is stay-at-home and does not know about things. I have been to Rouen and he never has, and I have been up the tower of the cathedral and seen the figure of Jeanne d'Arc in the market-place. I am very experienced, m'sieu. I think it is foolish to believe all that one hears. I never do it, I would rather see for myself."

As he spoke they came upon a small common, dotted with furze and leading to the edge of the wood. In the fading light Vavin could see a tall house, surrounded by walls, some four hundred yards away.

"Is that the place?" he enquired.

"That is it, monsieur."

"Then I will trouble you no longer. Give me the bag. Here is a five-franc piece for you; remember what you have told me. Take nothing on the evidence of other people. Trust nobody but yourself. It is the only way. Good-night."

The lad took the coin with profuse thanks, and, with a genial "*Dormez bien*," went back away through the fields. Vavin could hear him singing as he went. Then, while he drew near the house, the world grew silent as the night crept upon it. In the wood an owl hooted and a fox gave tongue, but the sounds seemed to be outside the stillness and unable to break it. The last dying fires of the day gleamed in the west, and in the front rose the tall, lonely house, sharply outlined in a silhouette.

He was within some sixty paces of the place when the profound stillness was broken by the musical notes of a bell. The bell gave three or four beats—like the Angelus—and simultaneously, from a curious squat chimney on the roof, came a single, sudden puff of purple smoke, which hung for a moment, like a little cloud, over the house, and then slowly dispersed. Everything became silent again. It was just as if some one had thrown a handful of powder—some incense one might have fancied it to be—on a furnace at the bottom of the chimney.

The sudden, extraordinary occurrence arrested Vavin's steps, and he stood still in a great surprise. There was something disturbing in the whole thing. The melancholy hour, the lonely house, and the dark, mysterious forest beyond, all seemed to be in keeping with the sudden tolling and the puff of smoke. It was all unreal and fantastic, and for a moment he felt inclined to turn back and seek the safe companionship of the inn.

"It is like a drawing by Karl Boinbaum," he muttered; and then, ashamed of his uneasiness, he walked resolutely up to the house, skirting the wall till he came to a door. There was a bell-handle let into the wall, and, pulling it vigorously, he waited. The peal reverberated loudly some distance away. He listened for nearly two minutes, waiting for the sound of footsteps; but there was an absolute silence. No dog barked, no doors shut, there was no sign that any life was near the place. He resolved to give another pull, and at the precise moment when his hand touched the handle and he was about to grasp it, the door opened noiselessly, and a voice said:

"Will Mr. Vavin be pleased to come inside?"

It was very startling. There had been no indication whatever that any one was there; and the fact that the door had opened at the exact moment when his fingers touched the handle of the bell seemed theatrical and unreal. It was like some mechanical trick. He did not like it.

The person who had so startled him was a tall and very stout man, dressed as a servant. There was nothing unusual about him, except the singular smoothness of his large, clean-shaven face, which was unmarked by a single wrinkle.

"My masters expect you," he said, taking Vavin's portmanteau and leading him across the garden which stood round the house.

The place did not look nearly so gloomy on the other side of the high wall. The garden was laid out in parterres of bright flowers, and the white gravel paths were trim and neatly kept. At this hour, just as the dew was falling,

the earth gave out a pleasant, moist smell; and the perfume from this old garden of mint and marigold and mignonette lay in strata of fragrance on the still evening air. The house itself was less attractive—a tall, white erection, with little to break the monotony of line and colour but the green venetian shutters on either side the windows. At the left side of the building was a large chapel-like edifice, jutting out to meet the wall, and, from the position of its windows and skylights, Vavin could see that this was the studio. It was here, also, he noticed that the squat chimney from whence the smoke had come was placed, and he caught a hasty glimpse of a copper bell hanging from a joist which projected from the gable. He had just time to notice these things when they arrived at the door, which was standing open, leading into a lofty hall somewhat sombre in its furniture and dark decorations.

"M. Stein and M. Beaugerac will be with you in a few minutes," said the man. "They are at present engaged in the studio. Monsieur will, no doubt, not object to wait in the study."

The room in which Vavin found himself was furnished with a good deal of luxury and an obvious attention to the little details of comfort. It reassured him at once. Some delightfully-bound books lined the fireplace wall, the mantelshelf bore pipes, cigarette cases, and all the little *personalia* of a bachelor establishment, and the chairs were soft and roomy. There were a good many drawings scattered about the walls—drawings of that esoteric morbidity that Vavin loved; and the walls were further decorated with a good many African curiosities. There were long, cruel-looking knives, horns of roughly-beaten copper and bronze, and a little drum of serpent skins.

He noticed also, displayed upon a shelf, a thing which he recognised at once, though he had never seen one before. It startled him, for he knew that there were, probably, only two more in Europe. He took it up, examining its shining steel and leather, with a little shudder at the horrible instrument of which so much had been

said and written. He could not understand its presence here, for even in the darkest places of the West African coast the instrument was rare. It interested him to see it, and the fascination it exercised was in itself a pleasing sensation. It would be a great tale to tell when he went back to the Boulevard, he reflected—how he had seen and handled that devil-knife. He would be able to describe the real appearance of it, and to confute many morbid minds who were in the habit of dwelling on the thing.

He had just put the frightful object down when he heard voices and footsteps in the hall. He listened curiously, unable to account for the strangeness with which one of the voices fell upon his ear. The two men outside, whom he concluded were his hosts, were giving some directions to the servant, and the voice of one of them, though it spoke in a cultured manner, and in excellent French, had a curious and indefinitely unfamiliar ring. The mystery was soon explained, for in a minute or two the door opened and Beaugerac came into the room, followed by Stein. Beaugerac was a youngish-looking man with an impassive face and close-cropped black hair; but his companion attracted Vavin's instant attention. With a start of inexpressible surprise he saw that Stein was no less than a negro, of full black blood. More than six feet high, and enormously broad, he was a splendid specimen of a man, and his almost coal-black face and thick, yellowish lips proclaimed him of a family which had known no alien admixture of race. Stein was very well dressed indeed, and his manners and conversation were those of a well-bred gentleman. He spoke French without a single trace of foreign accent, and he talked with the ease and point of a citizen of the world. To Vavin it was extraordinary to find this great negro—who one might have imagined with a heading, and a spear in his hand—a person of the most assured and cultured cleverness, and a man who would obviously dominate any society in which he might be found.

He greeted Vavin very courteously, and after a well-served dinner they went into the studio to see some of the posters



the artists were engaged on. The studio was very large and lofty. A poster-artist cannot work in a small space, because it is necessary that he should be able to get some distance away from his work to judge the effect that it will have upon the hoardings. It was bare

for they did not quite reach the roof, a dull glow, as from a fire or from shaded lamps, threw monstrous purple shadows among the joists and beams. The place was full of shadows and curious light effects, and in the uncertain illumination it was difficult to see it in its entirety.



“BEAUGERAC ENTERED, FOLLOWED BY STEIN”

of furniture and lighted only by a few oil lamps. The walls were painted a dull maroon, the sad colour presenting nothing to take the eye away from the *affiches* which hung upon it.

One end of the place was entirely cut off from the rest of the room by some heavy black curtains, and above them,

The two artists unrolled poster after poster for Vavin to see and judge upon. Their work was extraordinary in its appropriateness and strength.

Everything was done in flat tones, and the central idea in each production was the importance of the silhouette as a means of expression. Their *Dusé*

poster, for instance, was done entirely in black, brown, and purple, with more than half the lines omitted, and yet the arrangement was so good that the merest hint of an intention was sufficient to produce all the effect of a finished and considered production. There could be no doubt about it; Beaugerac and Stein were head and shoulders above their contemporaries. They were the greatest living exponents of their particular branch of art. Their work, Vavin saw, could not be called decadent. It was too strong in conception and execution for that. There, was, however, he could not help feeling, something sinister about it. These vast pictured creatures, seen so closely, wore a cold-blooded and cruel aspect, and, examined at close quarters, their features, which on the hoardings were so effective, had an air of stupid and sombre malignancy that struck coldly upon his nerves. The impression was heightened by the shadowy studio and the active figure of the great negro as he went hither and thither with the long canvas rolls in his arms. Vavin wanted to be back again in the comfortable sitting-room, there was a chill in this place. Some influence he could not account for was filling his brain and laying cold fingers upon his heart. Beaugerac said very little, and the silence and his occasional sudden jarring laughter was also a disturbing element. Stein was, he thought, too suave and smooth in his manners to be pleasant. The critic felt lonely and ill at ease, and the words Dotricourt had whispered in his ear came vividly to him again and again.

A few days before, Vavin had seen that Mann, Rogers and Greaves, the great English firm of cocoa makers, who had shops in all the big French towns, had advertised that they were about to publish a poster by his hosts. Accordingly, as the memory came to him, he asked them if he might see it. When he made the request, Stein was over on the other side of the studio and Beaugerac was standing near him, but Vavin's words made them wheel round suddenly, and Beaugerac said something in a quick undertone.

"I am really very sorry," said Stein at length, "but most unfortunately the

cocoa poster is packed up in waterproof ready to be sent off to-morrow. What a pity you didn't come a day sooner! Then you could have seen it. These things always happen like that, don't they? I can show you some of the sketches though. Suppose you go back to the study. I will bring them to you. Beaugerac, show M. Vavin back, and I will join him in a few minutes."

Vavin went back to the study, and was left alone. It struck him, as he sat waiting, that there had been something insincere in Stein's remark about the cocoa poster, and he wondered why it had not been shown to him. There seemed to be no very adequate reason he thought. The room was very hot, so he got up and opened the window. As he went back to his seat he noticed, with a start of surprise, that the thing which had been lying there on the bracket had disappeared. The circumstance was strange and he could only conjecture that the instrument had been left there by accident in the first instance. He had hardly settled in his seat, and was feeling in his pocket for some matches, when he heard for the second time the sudden tolling of the bell. It roused his curiosity, already very active, to an almost unendurable pitch. His conversation with the artists had merely enlightened him as to their views on art, and he had been unable, try as he would, to learn anything of their past history. He had asked Stein in what *ateliers* he had studied, and had been met with the suave "Oh, all over the world, my friend. I have never stayed long in one place. I am cosmopolitan." Both his hosts had seemed determined to reveal nothing of their careers. This unusual reticence, together with the attendant circumstances—the sombre studio, the African devil-knife, the unexpected sight of the negro—told him with more and more potency that something was wrong about the place and its owners. The musical notes of the bell, which ceased as suddenly as they begun, put the finishing touches to his uneasiness and curiosity. He rose up again quickly, and going noiselessly through the hall, went out into the warm starlit night, determined to find out what this sudden tocsin foreboded.

He went quietly towards the studio, treading upon the borders of the flower-beds to avoid making any noise upon the gravel. The studio was quite dark, save for one faintly-illuminated window at the end. This window he knew, from its position in the wall, must be behind the black curtain which hid one end of the room. As he approached it he noticed a faint aromatic odour in the air, like the smell of incense.

The window-ledge was some seven feet from the ground, and a small projecting buttress at its foot assisted him to raise his head above the level for a few seconds. As he did so, the light flickered up, and he was able to see with some distinctness what was going on inside. On the wall at the end a great poster was hanging; the design, as well as he could make out, consisted of a large head. In front of the poster stood a table of some dark material, though he could not see what it was. Beaugerac he could not see, but Stein was standing by a brazier full of burning cinders, which was fixed in the wall under a large iron pipe communicating with the chimney. The red light fell on his face and hands, and he appeared to be doing something to the fire. He watched for as long as he could maintain himself in the difficult position, and then with no more information than when he started, quietly returned to the study.

All that he knew was that Stein and his partner had something that they wished to conceal, and that in all probability they had lied to him about the poster.

He had not been long seated when they came in, carrying some drawings.

"We had an awful difficulty in finding the sketches," said Stein; "they had got mislaid. We hadn't any light but the little fire which we use for mixing pigments, and I nearly broke my shin over a table, and nearly hung myself with an old bell-rope, which they used when this place was a school. Very sorry to keep you waiting, but I hurt myself rather badly. All the negro races are very sensitive in the leg bones, and a blow which to you would be nothing is agony to me."

His easy manner and the simple ex-

planation, in some sort, reassured Vavin, and he looked at the sketches with great interest. The design for the poster was simple, consisting of the bust of a negro, which filled nearly all the space, the lower part of the body being out of the picture. The lettering was in bold, crimson characters. The figure was sketched in two browns, with as few lines as possible. Even in the small sketch one could see the enormous power of the thing, and it was easy to imagine the effect the great twenty-foot poster would have in the streets. The face of the figure was so cunning and malignant, such immeasurable wickedness lay in it, that his attention was caught and held as if in a vice.

"You see," Beaugerac said, "our idea, in the first instance, has been to have a single unbroken mass which the eye can readily understand. Then, the idea of a poster being to attract attention, we have made the face as repulsive as possible."

"He is a wicked boy, is he not?" said Stein, leering at the foul thing, and as he did so, himself looking not unlike his own creation. "He would play some fine blood-games if he were alive. What? He would kill his mother, and make a set of dice out of her knuckle-bones, for ten centimes! There is something interesting in his face, yes?—he is cunning, I think?"

Vavin shuddered. Foul as his own imaginings sometimes were, he felt cold to see this great soft-voiced negro nodding and mouthing at his own creation.

"Satan himself has not such a face," he said. And then a strange thing happened, for even as he spoke three or four sudden beats of the bell rang out upon the air. Beaugerac jumped up with an oath, and then suddenly sat down again, and Vavin could see round the corner of the table that the fat hand of the negro was gripping him tightly by the knee.

"O dear, dear me," said Stein quickly. "that stupid cat has got locked up in the studio again. What a nuisance! I'll go and let it out, or it will be upsetting something and hurting itself. I won't be a minute."

Despite his assertion, he was away half-an-hour, while Vavin kept up a fitful conversation with Beaugerac, who was distraught and dull.

When Stein came back he explained that he had found the cat, which had upset a pot of white paint, and that he had had a great deal of trouble in removing the stains from his hands.

About eleven Vavin went to bed, in a highly-strung and nervous condition. His room was at the head of the stairs, and had a window which looked out into the courtyard of the studio. While he was undressing he could not forget the face upon the poster. It filled all his brain and dominated him, and, as he lay awake in the silence, fear came and whispered strange things into his ear.

About two he awoke from a fitful slumber, and, finding himself hot and covered with perspiration, he got out of bed and went to the window, intending to open it wider.

As he came to it he heard a slight movement in the court below, and peering down he could just discover a large grey mass moving across it. The object came right up to the wall and seemed to enter the house at the door just below him. Simultaneously a faint light appeared in the doorway of the studio opposite. The light grew brighter as some one holding it came nearer to the door, until he saw Stein and Beau-



"WITH A HORRID SCREAM HE LEAPT UPON IT"



gerac standing in conversation on the step. The monstrous shadows thrown by the candle did not at first allow him to see their faces, but with a quick pulsing of his heart he noticed at once that in his hand Stein carried the instrument he had seen in the study.

A sudden flicker of the candle which Beaugerac held showed him that they were gazing expectantly at the wall just below him. Beaugerac was smiling.

Fearful that he would be seen, he shrank noiselessly away from the window, and as he did so, he distinctly heard in the passage outside his room the sudden cry of a child awakened from sleep.

He opened the door and crept out.

At the other end of the passage a door stood open and a light shone out towards him. He could hear something moving about in the room, and there was the sound of heavy breathing.

Hearing footsteps approaching the door, he sank into the deep embrasure of a window. The footsteps came slowly along the passage towards him, and then this is what he saw. The black figure of a man, larger than human figure ever was, was walking past him, holding a candle in one vast hand. In his right arm he held a little white-robed girl of two or three years of age, and his face was, line for line, the face of the great poster.

The little child lay quite still, with staring, open eyes, and the thing was bending its head and looking into her face, lolling out its tongue and rolling its great eyes.

It had just got to the head of the stairs when Vavin was seized with a frightful and uncontrollable wave of passion and hatred for the cruel, bestial thing.

With a horrid scream he leapt upon it, snarling like a dog, and then he was conscious of the shouting of a great company of people, a sensation as of rapidly falling through black water, and nothing more.

He died the next day in agonies or terror, yet not before he had had a long conference with the priest, who gave him absolution.

Before his final paroxysm Père Gougi told him that when the villagers had burst into the house they found little Cerisette white and still at the bottom of the stairway. Stein and Beaugerac had disappeared and were never seen again in Normandy.

It was afterwards discovered that a long package had arrived in the Rue des Martyrs—the Paris office of Messrs. Mann, Rogers and Greaves—with a letter accompanying it from Stein, saying that he sent the completed poster. When it was opened the great sheet of canvas bore nothing but some scarlet lettering.



# *The Cathedral Route to the North*

WRITTEN BY SCOTT DAMANT.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAYNE JENNINGS.

EVERY year, when the glare of August is over, when "through the wheaten stubble is heard the sportsman's gun," and the golden-brown of the hedges proclaims that it is September, there is a great exodus from England to Scotland. Sportsmen, of course, form a large proportion of the northward-bound crowd, but there are many who are simply bent on sight-seeing, whose desire is not so much to get to the moors without break or hindrance, as to extract the greatest possible amount of enjoyment from their holiday. In this latter category are our American cousins. They have tasted of the feverish joys of a London Season, paid a visit during August to Eastbourne, or Bournemouth, or Cromer, taken a trip to Stratford-on-Avon, there to worship at the shrine of the Immortal Bard, and now that "the harvest moon's begun," they are intent upon journeying to the modern Athens and admiring the lochs and mountains of Bonnie Scotland.

For a good many years past there have been three well-recognised routes to the North. The East Coast Route, the West Coast Route, and, midway between the two, the Midland Route. Latterly, however, yet another mode of journeying north has sprung into popularity, and this is the Great Eastern or "Cathedral Route." Passengers in a hurry to effect their journey from start to finish in as short a time as possible do not select the Cathedral Route, because, although fares by all routes

are the same, the mileage covered by the Cathedral Route is considerably in excess of that of any of its competitors. Thus the distance from King's Cross to Edinburgh by the East Coast Route is 393 miles, from Euston by the West Coast Route 400 miles, from St. Pancras by the Midland Route 406 miles, and from Liverpool Street by the Cathedral Route 417 miles; moreover, the traveller by the last-named route must perforce break his journey at York, which is the most northerly point to which the Great Eastern train will carry him.

From the foregoing it is evident that the Cathedral Route must offer some very special attractions, or none would travel by it. That it does offer such attractions it is the writer's present purpose to show. After all, the task should be an easy one, for a route that takes the ancient University town of Cambridge and the Cathedral cities of Ely, Lincoln, and York, in the direct line, with slight divergences to Norwich and Peterborough also, must of a necessity appeal to all who love old England and reverence her past.

The traveller by the Cathedral Route has at least this initial advantage over those who patronise any of the other routes; he starts his journey from the most centrally situated of all the termini of the great English railways, for Liverpool Street, alone amongst them, is actually within the City of London itself. It is a wonderful place, Liverpool Street Station. Probably the largest of its kind, it is certainly used by more persons than any other railway station

in the world, for, on an average, about one hundred and thirty-six thousand passengers use it every day.

Unless the traveller arrive early he has but little time to contemplate this monument of modern enterprise, for he will find his train will start with commendable punctuality, and he will soon be well on his way to Cambridge, the first halting-place on the journey. It "was not ever thus." In the early fifties our old friend *Punch* announced: "On Wednesday last, a respectably-dressed young man was seen to go to the Shoreditch terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway and deliberately take a ticket for Cambridge. He has not since been heard of. No motive has been assigned for this rash act." Since then the Eastern Counties Railway has become the Great Eastern, and with change of name has come change of methods. Now, the Great Eastern is the quickest route to Cambridge, the journey by the fastest train taking one hour and thirteen minutes only.

There are few towns, if any, in all England more replete with historical interest than Cambridge. The sister University city on the Isis is, no doubt, more imposing at first sight, because so many of the Cambridge Colleges are hidden away up by-streets and cobble-paved alleys, but, when found, they amply reward the searcher for his pains.

Of course, Trinity College is the "show" College of Cambridge, and thither all tourists hurry when, for the first time, they visit the University town. Its quadrangle is unique. Not only is there none to compare with it elsewhere in the town, Oxford itself has no such magnificent court. In the quadrangle is the Master's Lodge, wherein are situated the state rooms, used by Royal visitors to the University, and the Chapel, plain without, but surpassingly beautiful within, although it pales into comparative insignificance before the Chapel at King's College. The library of Trinity has a world-wide reputation by reason alike of the value of its books and the rich-

ness of its carved bookshelves, the work of Grinling Gibbons. Trinity College has given many sons to the Church, the martyred Cardinal Fisher being perhaps the most noteworthy; but it is essentially a poets' college, for there were educated Dryden, Cowley, Byron, Macaulay, and Tennyson. Lord Bacon, Isaac Newton, and Andrew Marvel were also alumni of this famous seat of learning.

Second only to Trinity comes St. John's College, beloved of Wordsworth, with its famous Bridge of Sighs connecting its fourth and latest court with the three older ones. The view of the "willowy Cam" from this bridge vies with that obtained from the bridge at Trinity and at King's, though scarcely with that of Clare Bridge, which spans the river opposite Clare College. Next to Clare College is situated Trinity Hall, dating from 1350, wherein were



CAMBRIDGE—ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

educated Bishop Gardiner, Admiral Lord Howard of Effingham, the Earl of Chesterfield (who tendered such excellent "advice to his son"), the first Lord Lytton, and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. The most ancient of all the colleges is Peterhouse, which dates from 1284, and is indissolubly associated with the names of Cardinal Beaufort, Archbishop Whitgift, Gray the poet, and Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough. But the other colleges, Pembroke, Caius, Corpus Christi, King's, Queen's, St. Catharine's, Jesus, Christ's, Magdalene, Emmanuel, Sidney Sussex, Downing, Cavendish, Selwyn, and Ayerst, all

nowadays it is a veritable City of Sleep. Perhaps that is why so many travelled Englishmen, who are well acquainted with most of the great Continental churches, have never visited Ely. Theirs is the loss; for "Ely's stately fane," as Macaulay calls it, presents the purest specimen of Gothic architecture in this country—some competent authorities say, in the world. The fact that Ely is within an hour and three-quarter's journey of London may in a measure account for its strange neglect by tourists. We are all apt to go far afield for our sight-seeing. The writer once came across an old couple at Ely



ELY CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR

present points of interest in various degrees. In addition to the colleges forming part of the University proper, there are two institutions which the mere man may only mention, and that with awe and reverence—Girton and Newnham Colleges, for ladies.

The next point of interest on the Cathedral Route is Ely, which is situated fifteen miles north-east of Cambridge. In pre-Reformation days Ely was the scene of considerable ecclesiastical activity, but during the last two or three centuries the hands of the clock seem to have been stopped there, and

who had just returned from their first trip to London. They were full of the wonders of the great metropolis: in particular, they praised the monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. "But," said the writer, "you have a far more magnificent building in your Cathedral here." The pair looked at each other in amazement. The old lady found her voice first. "Maybe you're right, sir: but me and my old man ain't never been in the Cathedral." "What, you've lived all your lives at Ely, and have never been in the Cathedral?" "Well,



sir, the fact is, we ain't had no occasion, because, you see, me and my old man be Methodies."

"The first glimpse of Ely," writes Professor Freeman "overwhelms us, not only by the stateliness and variety of its outline, but by its utter strangeness, its unlikeness to anything else." Mr. Parker, in his "Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture," is equally eulogistic, for, *à propos* of the Galilee Porch, he says: "Nothing can exceed the richness, freedom, and beauty of this work; it is one of the finest porches in the world."

The porch is, indeed, most beautiful; and the Late Norman nave, 208 feet in length, unsurpassed by that of any English Cathedral; but, eclipsing and overshadowing both, and standing out as at once the glory of Ely and one of the architectural wonders of the world, is Alan de Walsingham's Octagon. We owe the existence of the Octagon to a fortunate accident, for where it now stands was once a square Norman tower. This fell down in 1322, when Ely possessed, in the person of her sacrist, one of the greatest architects of Northern Europe. This *venerebilis et artificiosus frater, Alanus de Walsingham*, was, according to an old chronicler, at first "vehemently grieved and earnestly sorrowful" at the falling of the tower; "but, recovering his courage, and greatly confident in the help of God and His most pious Mother, Mary, and also in the merits of the Holy Virgin Etheldreda, he laid his hand to the work; and, first, with great labour and expense, he caused to be removed from within the church the stones and timber which had fallen in the ruin, and also the superabundance of dust which was there, with all possible speed to be cleared away; and having measured out by architectural art, in the place where he was about to construct the new campanile, eight positions in which the eight columns of stone supporting the whole edifice were to be erected, and beneath which the choir, with its stalls, was afterwards to be constructed, he caused them to be dug out and examined, till he had found a solid place where the foundation of the work could be securely begun.

These aforesaid eight places, then, having been solicitously proved, and with stones and sand firmly consolidated, he then at last began the eight columns and subsequent stonework, which work, indeed, was completed up to the higher cornice, through six years to the year of Our Lord 1328."

There is little but its Cathedral to interest in the "City of Sleep," except, perhaps, the old church of St. Mary, which displays a most unusual combination of Decorated, Transitional and Early English styles, and the house once occupied by Oliver Cromwell; but the Cathedral more than atones for the lack of other show-places, for it is the largest in England, and in some respects the most imposing.

From Ely the traveller may make a slight divergence from the Cathedral route proper in order to visit Norwich, which is situated fifty-four miles to the north-east of Ely. Norwich has been known from time immemorial as "The City of Churches and Gardens," and is in every respect the direct antithesis to its somnolent sister in the Fen country, for just as Ely seems to slumber in placid indifference to the world that wags around it, so Norwich is thriving and busy, as befits the commercial as well as the ecclesiastical capital of East Anglia. In spite, however, of its air of business prosperity, antiquities abound at Norwich on all sides. Wander where he may, the visitor will come across wonderful old gateways and quaint specimens of old-world wood carving. Its castle, its churches, especially St. Peter Mancroft, St. John Maddermarket and St. Julian's, with its round tower, its St. Andrew's Hall and its Guildhall, all are worthy of more than mere passing notice, but overtopping everything else in the city, both literally and figuratively looms the Cathedral.

Founded in 1096, by Herbert de Losinga, Norwich Cathedral affords a very striking example of the Norman style, and is crowned with a spire second only to that of Salisbury. He was an indefatigable builder, was Bishop de Losinga. To him East Anglia owes the church of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, the largest parish church in



NORWICH CATHEDRAL

England, the church of St. Margaret's, Lynn, and the grand old church at Elmham; but it is the nave at Norwich Cathedral which is the most lasting monument to his skill, for it was he who designed and planned it, although it fell to the lot of his successor, Bishop Lyhart, to actually execute the work. Bishop Lyhart's rebus, in the form of a hart lying down, appears several times in the building, although not so often as the golden well which is the rebus of that Bishop Goldwell who presided over the See of Norwich before his transference to that of St. Asaph, and who, dying an exile at Rome in 1585, was the last of the old English Roman Catholic Hierarchy. In some respects the beauty of the nave at Norwich is even surpassed by that of the lofty choir, with its typical Norman bays, carved stalls, and unusual semi-circular apse beyond.

The scenery round Norwich is peaceful and pretty; it has been beloved of artists since Crome and Cotman founded, and James Stark and George Vincent further popularised, what is still known as "The Norwich school of painters." The Norfolk Broads lie close to Norwich, so that the boating man as well as the artist and the lover of the antique will find much to repay him if he diverge for a day or two from the more direct journey north.

From Ely the Cathedral route proceeds *via* March and Spalding to Lincoln. By the best train, which leaves Liverpool Street, at 11 a.m. and Ely at 12.49 p.m., no stop is made at March, but if time allows, the traveller would do well to catch a slower train, and, once more diverging from the direct line, this time to the west, travel over the short branch line fourteen miles in length, which runs from March to Peterborough.

Peterborough, as a diocese, dates entirely from the Reformation. Prior to 1557 the Monastic Church or Abbey of St. Peter, at "Peter's Rurgh," was under the rule of a mitred abbot of the Order of St. Benedict, but in that year Henry VIII, having confiscated its endowments, elected to form a new diocese out of part of the then unwieldy diocese of Lincoln, and gave back about a third of the property wherewith to endow the Bishopric as at present existing. It is at Peterborough Cathedral where Henry's first wife, Katherine of Arragon, is buried. For a short time the body of an even more unfortunate queen rested there, for Mary Stuart was buried at Peterborough, until her son, James I., had her body removed to Westminster Abbey.

Although not to be compared with the two fen-country Cathedrals at Ely

and Lincoln, Peterborough Cathedral boasts a west front that has been described by at least one eminent authority as "the grandest and finest in Europe." Widespread, therefore, was the regret when, a few years ago, it was stated that this beautiful façade was in

rebuilding. Fortunately such fears have proved groundless. Every single stone was carefully marked, and, if found intact, replaced in its original position. Where it was found absolutely necessary to introduce new stones, care was taken that they should exactly resemble,



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL (WEST FRONT)

imminent danger of falling down. Immediate steps were taken by the Dean and Chapter to secure the safety of the building, and at very great cost this has now been done. A great deal of the front had to be taken down, and, not unnaturally, fears were expressed lest the original design should be lost in the

in all respects, those they were designed to replace, and now the famous west front presents as dignified and beautiful an appearance as ever it did, and, what is more, it is certified to be quite safe.

Resuming his journey northwards at March, the traveller finds himself on what is known as the Great Northern

and Great Eastern Joint Line, and, passing through Spalding and Sleaford, arrives at Lincoln. The county of Lincoln is generally described as flat, and sometimes as uninteresting. Neither description is accurate; a portion of the county is certainly flat, although by no means all, and no county could be truthfully called uninteresting that boasts such a building as Lincoln Cathedral. Moreover, Lincoln would be interesting if only on account of the many notable men who have ruled over the see. Its first bishop, and the founder of its Cathedral, Remigius, was canonised, as was another of its bishops, St. Hugh. Dr. Watson, who was appointed bishop by Mary, was, for his adherence to the older religion, thrown into Wisbech gaol by Elizabeth, where, after many years' imprisonment, he died in 1584. In modern days Bishop Kaye was the last English prelate to wear the bag wig; and the present bishop, Dr. King, whose trial for ritualistic practices will be remembered by all, has the reputation of being the Highest Churchman on the bench.

Lincoln Cathedral was commenced

in 1074, and in general scheme is Early English, but there are occasional glimpses of the still earlier Norman style, and some fine examples of Gothic, Lancet and other styles. The whole is wonderfully well blended and harmonious, although the effect is unfortunately lessened owing to the fact that the spires have disappeared that once surmounted its two western towers, and one side of its cloisters has also been destroyed. Still, as it stands, on the summit of the hill upon which the city is built, its effect is most grand and impressive. As old as the Cathedral, and second only in interest to it, is Lincoln Castle; and the Jews' House, one of the only three remaining in England, is likewise worthy of inspection. The other two are also in the eastern counties, at Norwich and Bury St. Edmunds respectively.

From Lincoln the route north is *via* Gainsborough to Doncaster, whence the Great Eastern train runs over the North-Eastern system past Selby to York. The ancient city of York has played so important a part in the history of England, it has been so



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL





YORK MINSTER

often written about and its many glories so many times described, that it would be superfluous to indulge in any lengthy description here. York was a place of no mean importance before the Romans came, and its first Christian church was built by Constantine the Great. Eboracum was its Roman name, and to this day it is customary for its Archbishop to use the abbreviation "Ebor." as his signature. There is probably no form of architecture so perfectly adapted to religious thought and feeling as the Gothic, and, like the Cathedral at Ely, York Minster displays the Gothic style at its purest and its best. From its curious double doorway in the western front to its perfect east window the distance is five hundred feet; and the view of the interior, flooded with light from the storied clerestory windows, can never be adequately described: it must be seen to be appreciated. Within the chancel is the stone seat whereon old Saxon kings sat; in the Lady Chapel is buried Archbishop Scrope, who was beheaded in 1405; and every corner of the Minster is redolent of the history of this country.

The traveller journeying on to Scot-

land joins the North-Eastern train at York, and, passing Durham and Newcastle—each of which cities possesses a cathedral and a castle—arrives at Edinburgh, which, as all the world knows, glories in two cathedrals and two castles.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Great Eastern way up North has not been inaptly termed "the Cathedral Route." The scenery on the road cannot indeed boast the rugged grandeur of much of the North country, or the richness and variety of the West; its beauty is of the calm and placid order. The towns and villages dotted all over the Eastern Counties present more old-world characteristics than those of any other part of the country. The thoughts of the inhabitants seem mostly centred on the state of the crops and other matters agricultural. The cares and worries of the outer world pass by almost unneeded. There is no hurry, no bustle, but an air of perpetual repose; and it is this characteristic that has probably made the Cathedral Route already so popular with Americans, to whom it comes as a novel experience, a curiosity, and a change.

# English Historical Costumes for Ten Centuries ;

OR, "FASHION'S MIRROR" FOR MEN

WRITTEN BY HELEN C. GORDON. ILLUSTRATED BY E. JESSICA LEWIS

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Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy : rich not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Hamlet.*)

King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown ;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Othello.*)

The old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

**I**T is quite an open secret that the sterner sex, though in theory considered above such trivialities as fashions, is, in reality, as much at the mercy of the tailor's latest dictum as the average woman is a slave to "la Mode."

From time to time some voice has decreed that the form and fashions of men's garments shall be changed, until the conventional suit of to-day differs widely indeed from that of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. This has a survival, however, in the smock frock still worn by Hodge, and which obtains favour amongst the disciples of Count Tolstoi in this country.

## TENTH CENTURY.

The wardrobe of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman, ten centuries ago, comprised a linen shirt, over which was worn a tunic or surcoat, which in summer was also of linen, in winter of wool. The

border was often richly embroidered, and frequently of silk, a fabric used by the wealthy as early as the eighth century. The sleeves were so lengthy that they set in close rolls round the forearm, and fastened at the wrist with a bracelet, which, when detached, permitted them to fall over the hands in lieu of gloves, which had not yet made their appearance. Drawers reaching to the knee were at first met by leathern stockings, covered either diagonally or in close rolls with bands of linen, cloth or leather. Such leggings are still worn by the people of the Apennines, and are to be seen in some parts of Russia and Spain. Rather primitive shoes, fastened down the middle by a leather thong, soon came into common use and were worn with socks, which had ornamental borders. On state occasions a cloak was added to this costume, clasped on either shoulder with a brooch, leaving a round opening through which the head might be passed, or else fastened on the breast.

A cap, or "hoet," the original of our word "hat," was only worn in battle, or when travelling, and was made of felt, wool, or leather (the latter ornamented with metal), in the same shape as a Phrygian cap. The only protection to the head ordinarily was Nature's own covering, worn long, and in the pictures of the period painted blue, as were the beards of the old men. The younger generation are generally represented as being clean-shaven. It is not quite certain if the Saxons really dyed their hair, or if the artist felt unequal to reproduce the real colour of the golden locks, which so much attracted the notice of Pope Gregory in Rome. Upper garments are always painted red, blue or green; and stockings, either red or blue; so that the descent of the Danes into England must have produced a strong contrast in colour.

#### ELEVENTH CENTURY.

The invading forces, probably owing to their adoption of a raven as a national emblem, were clad entirely in black; and Childe Dyring is described as attending a wedding in garments of this sombre hue, which evidently was not yet set apart for mourning habiliments.

Instead of the conquerors imposing their dress upon the conquered, the Danes, after their conversion to Christianity, adopted the gay apparel of the Saxons, vying with them in the care of their long flowing locks, in which they took an inordinate pride. Edward the Confessor, however, had his courtiers cropped as close as Roundheads, and beards also disappeared, leaving only the upper lip unshorn. Gold, silver and ivory ornaments were generally worn; especially bracelets, with which the arms were positively loaded.

In those slow-going times even the conquest of the country by another race, and the consequent influx of foreigners, brought very little radical change in the form of ordinary civil dress, except in the nether garments. These took the shape of pantaloons with feet to them, and were called first "trousers" and then "chaussés." In the robes of state, however, the tunic was lengthened to reach the ankle, and the short mantle

became long and flowing, with adornments of cords and tassels.

#### TWELFTH CENTURY.

The twelfth century inaugurated a rage for costliness of material, and exaggeration in form, which affected alike the clergy and laity. Both the state tunic, and linen vestment worn beneath it, trailed on the ground. Sleeves were of such amplitude and width that they fell far beyond the hands, which now, for the first time, were gloved. Costly furs, such as rheno and sable, were much in request for lining and trimming satin cloaks, worn short on ordinary occasions, as was also the tunic. The Comte d'Anjou, whose feet were deformed, introduced the oriental peaked shoe; and a courtier called Robert thought to improve (?) upon this foot-gear by prolonging the point into the semblance of a scorpion's tail, or twisting it into ram's horns, stuffed out with tow. The Phrygian cap, though still in existence, was not favoured by the beaux, who wore their hair long and curled, and bound with fillets or ribands. The length of hair varied according to the caprice of kings, and for a time was cut short by order of a Royal Edict, issued by Henry I. This was due to the great impression made upon him by a sermon, preached by a prelate called Serlo, which must have been most convincing, for the whole congregation consented to be cropped there and then, immediately after its delivery. Six months later, however, locks were as long and flowing as ever, and, in the reign of Stephen, artificially supplemented as well; so that wigs may be said to date from the twelfth century. Beards and moustaches were worn according to individual fancy. It is not intended that this paper should include in its prescribed limits the various changes which have taken place in military costume; but the Knights of St. John were so much a feature of this age that the distinguishing details of their dress cannot be passed by quite unnoticed. The Hospitallers wore, over the military tunic (or hauberk, as it was called) of steel rings, a long black mantle with a white cross on the left shoulder. The Templars, an order founded eighteen years later, were known by their scarlet



THIRTEENTH CENTURY

mantles, also having on the left shoulder the white badge of their holy mission.

#### THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Another century brought with it a still greater love of fine apparel, finding a vent in the use of richer stuffs, which yearly became more available through increasing communication and trade with foreign countries. Velours, or velvet, with trimmings of ermine, marten, or miniver, was greatly in favour. A material called "cyclas," because manufactured in the Cyclades, gave its name to a long tunic, worked with gold and embroidered with silk, which was girded at the waist, or not, according to fancy. Mantles were only used on state occasions. For travelling, the "super-totus" was worn, which justified its name, being an ample cloak, with large sleeves, and a hood or capuchon to draw over the head. The Phrygian cap was quite superseded by the "chaperon,"

a sort of bag, with a long pointed end, which was either twisted round the neck, or hung down the back in a long tail, called a tippet.

Towards the middle of the century coifs were worn by all classes of men, made of white linen, close-fitting like a nightcap, and tying under the chin.

#### FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Edward III.'s romantic chivalry, which strove to revive the days of King Arthur and the Round Table, brought many foreign knights into the country. They, naturally, introduced new and strange fashions, the constant changes in which are much deplored by the writers of the time. Consequently this period is noted for a sudden revolution in style, especially in the introduction of a close-fitting body garment, called a "cote-hardie," which buttoned all the way down the front, and reached the middle of the thigh. The edges of the sleeves, which ended at the elbow and displayed those of the vest beneath, were cut out in fanciful designs of leaves. The border and sides of mantles were finished in the same quaint way, and the whole costume richly embroidered and be-gemmed, with ornamental letters and mottoes worked out in silk and jewels. The front of the cloak, which reached to the feet, was generally thrown over the shoulder and hung in ample folds behind to the ground. The growth of heraldry introduced the curious fashion of parti-coloured garments, and John of Gaunt is represented in a mantle half blue, half white, the colours of the House of Lancaster. Gentlemen adopted the colours taken from the arms of the family to which they either belonged or attached themselves, and clad their legs in hose of different hue, with rather grotesque effect. Habits were still worn, but so short and inadequate, as an article of covering, that their indecency is much commented upon by the writers of the time. The beaux were so changeable that the short-habited man of to-day would, to-morrow, make his appearance in long trailing garments. The love of costly apparel had infected all classes of society to such a degree that sumptuary laws were enacted to restrain the extravagance of the Com-



mons, who were prohibited from wearing expensive furs and jewelled embroideries. A jaunty cap, set on one side of the head, with a jewelled feather, had come into fashion; also the beaver hat from Flanders, which was soon to oust the chaperon and tippet.

#### FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The latter form of headgear still held its own, however, at the beginning of the next century, though in a somewhat modified form, a sort of turban, or crown with a rolled brim. The tunic, or doublet, was cut round on the shoulders, to show the undervest; and the sleeves, loose and hanging and bordered with fur, were afterwards slit up, exposing to view the loose shirt-sleeves beneath. Norman chaussés again came into favour, fastened to the doublet of silk, satin or velvet, with laces, or "points," as they were then called. The old-fashioned stomacher was as much an article of men's attire as of women's, and over the whole costume

a loose "gowne" was sometimes donned. This was straight at the sides, and gathered back and front like a woman's "frocke," so that it was really somewhat difficult to distinguish the sexes. Favourite colours for the rich velvet doublets and gowns were purple, green, and crimson; and cloth of gold and silver was largely patronised by royal personages. The beaux wore their hats a quarter of an ell high, and the peaks of their shoes the same measure in length, fastened up to the knee with small chains or cords. Towards the close of the century, however, shoes became as absurdly broad as they had hitherto been pointed, their width being quite out of all proportion to the foot.

#### SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The next era was to include amongst its monarchs Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, whose undisputed vanity, and love of personal adornment, made the question of dress one of ever-increasing importance to the *beau monde*. King Hal's wardrobe included a vast number of garments of every variety and for every occasion, rather bringing to mind the latter-day requirements of Miss Flora M'Flimsey. There were coats for walking and riding; long coats, short coats, demi-coats; coats with skirts; coats of velvet, satin and leather. Sleeves and capes there were, quite apart from the rest of the garments, to be attached to them by means of "points" or buttons. Shirts, pouched or plaited, enriched with lovely broideries of gold, silver, or silk. One "frocke" of especial beauty was of velvet embroidered with gold of damask, lined with cloth of gold and fastened with buttons of rubies, diamonds and pearls. The Norman chaussés made their final exit, and were replaced by loose breeches slashed with a different colour, a fashion just coming into vogue in the former century, and now extended also to doublets or jerkins, and to shoes and buskins. Stomachers were superseded by waistcoats, and gowns by mantles; some of which were worn sashwise, that the beauty of the clothes beneath might not be hidden from view. Ruffs and ruffles became an accessory to costume, and the short cropped hair was surmounted by a velvet cap or



FIFTEENTH CENTURY

bonnet, laden with feathers. In the blue coat, breeches, and yellow stockings worn by the boys of Christ's Hospital we have a survival of the dress of the London apprentice in the reign of Edward VI., by whom the institution was founded. His short rule, however, and that of his successor, Mary, did not inaugurate any novelty in costume; and it is to the Elizabethan period that we must now turn for the next decrees of fashion. It seems almost superfluous to describe the well-known costume of the courtiers who surrounded Queen Bess, so familiar through stage plays, and fancy dress balls, where it rivals in favour that of the cavalier. This reign marks the division of the "hose" into breeches and stockings; the former slashed with a different colour, gradually increasing in size till they were plaited and stuffed out with bombast. The doublet grew longer and longer-waisted, till it became what was inelegantly called "the peasecod bellied" doublet of James I., also well wadded—a fashion that greatly commended itself to that timorous monarch. The short velvet, cloth or taffeta cloaks were cut from the modes of France, Spain, or Holland, and were handsomely trimmed with gold and silver lace and glass bugles. Hats took all sorts of quaint shapes, and were mostly made of dyed felt instead of the modish and extravagantly-priced beaver. Some were steeple-crowned, others broad and flat, but all had the coloured band and feather fastened with a jewelled brooch. Stockings, sometimes of silk; broad shoes with rosettes; and the inevitable ruff, stiffened for choice with yellow starch, completed this elaborate costume.

#### SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Towards the close of James I.'s reign, and consequently still at the beginning of the next century, breeches became smaller, and, instead of being slashed, were covered at intervals with embroidered straps, showing the material between, and fastened below the knee with large rosettes. A wide collar, called a band, which stood out horizontally, stiffened with wire and yellow starch, took the place of the ruff. Jackets or doublets were shortened; and



SIXTEENTH CENTURY

what hats lost in the crown, they took on in the brim, and were low and broad. The fops of the period, and at their head the Duke of Buckingham, bedecked themselves with jewels, especially diamonds and pearls, which were fashioned into buttons, clasps, cockades, and earrings. The fashions of the time were largely influenced by those of Spain; and the Court of Charles I. still further availed itself of the picturesque modes worn in the native country of the Queen-consort. The doublet of silk, satin or velvet, with slashed sleeves, was sometimes replaced (for these were troublous times) by a buff coat, richly embroidered, with a broad satin sash tied over the hip. Trouser-breeches, sometimes fringed, were met by wide boots, the tops of which were ruffled with lawn or lace. The long flowing hair was surmounted by a broad-brimmed Flemish beaver, set well on one side, with a plume of

feathers. The peaked beard and small upturned moustaches are conspicuous in the many familiar portraits of the king. With the courtier's silken doublet was worn a short embroidered cloak, which hung carelessly from one shoulder. Other well-known accessories were the falling collar of point-lace with vandyked edges, held together by small cords and tassels, and the smart Spanish rapier worn at one side.

The rigid severity of the Puritans, which was extended to garments of sober cut and hue, was followed by an extreme reaction in fashions of dress, as well as fashions of manners, when the "King had come to his own again." The costumes of Charles II. verge on the grotesque, so extravagant were they in form and detail. The short doublet was open in front to display a rich silk or lawn shirt, the ruffled sleeves of which bulged out under the elbow sleeves of the jacket, both being tied up with ribands. No waistcoat was worn, and

the shirt fell over the band of large "petticoat" breeches, so called because the lining appeared below—the material was trimmed with lace ruffles, and fastened under the knee with bunches of ribands. More ribands tied up the "stirrup" hose, which were two yards in width at the top and pierced with eyelet-holes. Soon the doublet began to take unto itself skirts reaching almost to the knees, and buttoned all the way down the front—the first "coat" on record. Before the end of the century, suits consisting of coat, waistcoat, and breeches, all of one material, came into vogue; and a finishing touch was given to the whole by a neckcloth or cravat, with square ends of finest Brussels or Flanders lace. As a compliment to Louis XIV. the huge French periwig was adopted; and hats became lower in the crown and shorter in the brim to suit its exigencies, and were trimmed with a riband band and bow. Buckles were fast replacing rosettes on the square-toed shoes, and, a few years later, were further ornamented with red heels.

#### EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Our neighbours across the Channel had much to say to the fashion prevalent during the next hundred years, and every article of dress underwent some alteration. An especial feature was the long waistcoat with flaps and pockets, worn under a square-cut coat stiffened out with wire and buckram, the sword-hilt peeping out beneath. Long scarlet, blue or white stockings, ornamented with gold or silver clocks, were drawn over the knee, and were met by close-fitting garments called knee-breeches. Hair powder, which had made its appearance in the seventeenth century, came to stay in the eighteenth, and perukes were fashionable, as well as wigs of all sorts and shapes. These were surmounted by a three-cornered hat, laced with gold or silver galloon, and frequently carried under the arm. In the left hand was the jewelled snuff-box, an indispensable article of every gentleman's toilet; and patches were also worn by men as well as women. Until quite the end of the century, coats continued to be made of silk, satin and velvet, and well-known men such as Hogarth and Goldsmith



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

adopted a certain colour, just as the ultra-fashionable dame of to-day chooses a certain scent, which shall be associated with her personality. Even after broad-cloth came into general use, waistcoats and knee-breeches were still made of costlier stuffs, and frequently richly embroidered as well.

Under the Georges cloth became the general material for daily wear, satin and velvet being reserved for Court use. Knee-breeches, now quite tight-fitting, were worn over the knee, at first buckled, and afterwards tied. Coats, merely unstiffened to begin with, grew smaller in the skirts, and towards the close of the century were cut square above the hips with lappels and a tail. Waistcoats assumed much their present proportions, and the ruff was permanently ousted by the stiff collar. White cambric stocks buckled behind, and white muslin cravats, each had their little day; and the big square buckles

on shoes gave place to less ornamental ties or laces. Three-cornered hats disappeared, and were superseded by tall crowns and small brims rather inclined to turn up at the sides, trimmed with a narrow band of ribbon and tiny buckle.

#### NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The French Revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800, as well as upon matters of more weighty import; the tendency being greatly to simplify costume. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat, and pantaloons inaugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to despise the old Court fashions. The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out, and short hair became universal. Trousers and Wellington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar,



EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

which had gone out of favour under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief, or stock. The snuff-box vanished, and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seals hanging from the watch-chain. Various modifications have taken place from time to time during the Queen's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remains unaltered. The knickerbockers

and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wide-awake and cloth cap. Whether the next century will bring forth fresh innovations is yet but a matter for conjecture. To judge by what has gone before, it certainly seems that, in every era, fashions alter somewhat, as well as other phases of life, and "the old order changeth, giving place to new."







as related by  
Simon Simple   
BARRISTER-AT-LAW

WRITTEN BY GEOFFRY BRANDON. ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ALDRIDGE



IT befell on a dark November afternoon, early in the century, that I—Simon Simple, barrister-at-law—was journeying in the old stage omnibus, from Westminster to Clapham.

It was barely five o'clock when I swung myself into the coach, and passing up to the end, took my seat in the furthest corner, in order that my fellow-travellers should not stumble over my long legs, as they passed in and out on the way.

We had rumbled over the bridge before the clock struck five; and yet it was quite dark, and most dismally dank and foggy.

The oil lamps were alight on the Stockwell Road, and, as we passed them at intervals, sent fitful gleams of yellow light into the otherwise dark interior of the coach.

The guard outside stamped his feet, and beat his chest, and blew husky frozen blasts upon his horn.

And I fell to thinking, with pleasant anticipation, of the good hot cup of tea

which my aunt Priscilla would presently prepare for me, and of how my cousin Pauline's eyes would shine in the firelight as she sat upon the fenderstool, burning her pretty cheeks, and making my toast. For Pauline was not only my cousin, but also my promised bride; and we were to be married, she and I, as soon as I could succeed in making somewhat of an income by my profession.

I was a young barrister then, with an abundance of good brains in my head, and a remarkable scarcity of golden guineas in my pocket. I knew that my legal judgment was as sound as that of any judge on the bench; and that my knowledge of the law and my shrewd power of applying it to my client's interests would have been as good and as keen as that of any senior at the bar (had I had any clients). All this I knew, and so did aunt Priscilla, and so did Pauline; but, unfortunately, no one else seemed to know it, and important briefs failed to come my way.

Nevertheless, youth and hope generally go hand in hand; and Pauline's eyes grew brighter every day; and aunt

Priscilla used to fold her mittened hands and say complacently : "When the jewel Chance shall lie in our Simon's path, he will not fail to pick it up." She made this remark so often, and in so precisely the same tone of voice as that with which she led our family devotions, that Pauline and I grew to regard it in the light of a text of Scripture, and I felt that one of the prophets had indeed prophesied well of me.

But while I thus dozed in my dark corner of the coach, musing on my love, and my work and my hopes, to the accompaniment of the rumbling which sounded dim and distant through my dreams, my fellow-passengers had alighted one by one; also I might have dozed on in peace and solitude until I reached my destination on the further side of Clapham Common, had not the coach suddenly stopped; and the guard, opening wide the door, turned his lantern full upon the steps, to aid the entrance of a lady passenger.

I heard the rustle of a silken petticoat and leaned forward to observe her as she stepped in; for, even when one has a little girl of one's own—who will ever be fairer than all others—one should not miss an opportunity of seeing anything worth seeing.

But I might have spared myself the pains. One glance proved the newcomer to be a middle-aged angular female, of the species spinster; tall, sallow, and big-boned; richly dressed in a green silk gown, a white fur tippet, and a green silk bonnet, of the shape called by the flippant "coalscuttle," from its resemblance to that useful, though scarcely ornamental, article of furniture.

This much I saw, by the light of the guard's lamp; then he banged to the door, and we were left in darkness.

At first, on entering, the good lady had made as if she would have passed up to the end of the vehicle; and I feared lest, taking me in the dim light for an empty seat, she would deposit herself upon my knee. But just as I was about to cough loudly, and thus make her aware of my presence, she changed her mind and took a seat, on my side of the coach, but near the door.

She evidently fancied herself alone, for she made various remarks as we went

along, such as : "Ah me! What a night!" "Mercy, how flustered I did feel!" "Alack! that I must drag this most becoming gown through London mire." "Plague take the coachman for failing to meet me as appointed;" and I could tell, by the pitying tenderness of her tone, that she believed she was addressing *herself* alone. However, she shortly relapsed into silence, and we rumbled on towards Clapham Common.

I was about to close my own eyes, the better to behold my Pauline's grey ones, when my attention was attracted by something bright, resting upon the cushion on the back of the seat opposite. These old-fashioned vehicles, unlike the cheap omnibus of to-day, were well cushioned and padded, and upholstered in dark blue carriage cloth. This curious bright object appeared to be lying on the cushion, about half way up the back of the seat. It was the size and shape of a large filbert, and gleamed against the dark background like a beautiful pearl or a bright cornelian. It only shone out as we passed the oil lamps at intervals, or when an old watchman turned his lantern on the coach as it rumbled by.

I began to feel an interest in this stray jewel. It brought to my mind aunt Priscilla's text about the jewel, Chance. I fell to wondering whose it had been, and how they came to leave it there, and I said to myself that I would pick it up, on my way out, and examine it.

Presently I perceived that the maiden lady in the further corner had caught sight of it also. The guard's lantern threw a dim light on her place near the door, and I could see the shadowy outline of her aggressive green silk bonnet, as she leaned forward, intently watching it. Each time we passed a lamp it glittered; and she leaned further forward in her seat; and at last I saw her lift her mittened hand and point towards it, with a long inquiring finger.

Now I had seen the jewel first, and I was mighty curious to discover what it could be; but, manlike, I did keep my hands in my pockets, and a quiet tongue in my head.

Not so the spinster! She commenced an inward sepulchral whispering, and the long finger of her right hand twitched as she pointed it at the jewel.

"A gem!" she ejaculated excitedly. "A lost and forgotten gem! A lonely jewel in a stage coach. Strange! Prithee fair jewel, what art thou?"

A period of darkness, between the lamps, during which I meditated upon the wearying foolishness of a woman's remarks when she believes herself to be alone.

We drew slowly near another lamp. The gem gleamed out, and seemed to twinkle with an added lustre.

Then the spinster lady whispered tragically: "I must touch it, have it, hold it!" and rose up in her place, tall, gaunt, determined.

The object of our mutual interest was almost opposite to me, but some distance from her corner. She advanced towards it carefully, with outstretched finger.

The lamplight died away. The coach was left in darkness.

I knew she still stood waiting; and I scarce breathed, in my dark corner.

Suddenly a chance watchman turned on his lantern. The jewel shone out more brightly than ever.

With a rapid forward movement, the tall lady leaned across, and poked it with her finger.

Gentle reader! That jewel was a glass eye; and, awful to relate, the setting of that supposed *stray* jewel, was the head of an old gentleman! A small, nervous, old gentleman, completely clothed in black, and sitting so quiet and still, in the depths of his own comfortable seat, that neither the spinster nor I, had been aware of his presence. Whether he was dozing with his other eye, I know not; but, be that as it may, he was perfectly unaware of the interest his glass one had awakened in his fellow passengers; and he was taken completely, horribly, appallingly by surprise, when this tall gaunt figure bent towards him, and poked an aggressive finger full in his eye.

He hopped up forthwith, uttering a yell like a frantic hyena, frightening the spinster clean out of her wits, and, making for the door, fell over my outstretched legs, straight into the poor lady's arms. He thereupon dealt her a blow in the body, which returned her, in a doubled up condition, to her seat; and yelling: "Murder! Thieves!

Help!" speedily brought the coach to a standstill.

The old guard let down the window, inquiring what might be the matter.

"Let me out!" roared the little man. "There is a mad woman in here! She is trying to rob and murder me! Let me out, I say! Good heavens! I, Sir Benjamin Cossett, to be thus shut in with a female maniac. Let me out!"

The guard hastened to open the door, and the little gentleman bounded into the road, like an india-rubber ball.

The guard commenced attempting to assure him that the good lady could have meant no harm.

"Harm!" gasped the little man, as he stood panting in the road; "I tell you, fellow, she is a criminal lunatic. She assaulted me savagely, and on my endeavouring to escape, seized me in a strangulating embrace. Get in again? Good heavens, *no*! I shall go on foot the rest of the distance, over the Common, to Lawyer Clawby's. A sorry way to treat one of His Majesty's Judges! And hark you, fellow, mark where that woman alights, and bring me word to-morrow at the mansion of my friend, Mr. Lawyer Clawby."

After which, waiting for no reply from old Jonas, the agitated little judge hastened away, and was lost to view in the darkness.

Meanwhile the poor lady lay, well-nigh prostrate, where she had fallen; her green bonnet crushed out of all shape, her face covered with her lace handkerchief, from behind which flimsy shelter she emitted sounds which seemed to me closely to resemble the proud cackling of a hen, who, having laid an egg, and thus accomplished the task appointed her by destiny, desires to inform the world of her praiseworthy act. Since then, fair reader, I have been a married man; and I therefore know now, what you have divined already, that the spinster had taken refuge in hysterics, a course usually pursued by ladies, when all other lines of action fail them. But I was young then, and a bachelor; and I listened, wonderingly, unable to associate so queer a sound with anything more tragic than the triumphant fowl.

At sound of Lawyer Clawby's name,



"'I TELL YOU', FELLOW, SHE IS A CRIMINAL LUNATIC!'"

she gave a kind of gasp, and thereafter remained motionless, in breathless desperate silence, until the judge's footsteps died away, and old Jonas, banging to the door, with a remark which must not be chronicled, we rumbled on our way.

Meanwhile, I, in my dark corner, had in no way revealed my presence; therefore, the poor frightened lady, gasped and crowed, and ejaculated, all unconscious that she was not alone. Presently she fumbled in her reticule, and

I could distinguish the chink of gold. A few moments later, the coach stopped; the guard opened the door, and shining his lantern full on the weeping lady, said somewhat tartly: "Your destination, Mistress Kesia."

She drew her tippet round her, and hastened to alight; and, as she did so, I heard the sound of gold passing from her hand into that of the guard.

"I hope ye weren't frightened, Mistress Kesia?" he said, in deferential

tones. "His lordship had taken over many prawns with his luncheon, I'm thinking, and suffered from the nightmare; for never a trace of any mad woman have I seen in my coach this night."

She bade him good evening, in an agitated voice, and vanished into the gloom of a large stone portico.

As I was leaving the coach some few minutes later, old Jonas stopped me, his small ferret-like eyes twinkling with curiosity, from under his shaggy brows.

"Ah, Master Simple," said he, "*you* lay low, did ye? Now, by old Harry, what in the name of wonder, did the good lady do, to fluster up his lordship, and create so mighty a disturbance?"

I explained the matter in as few words as might be; and old Jonas well nigh sat down in the mud, so side-splitting was his laughter.

"And now, tell me, Jonas," said I, "why was the fair jewel-hunter so alarmed at mention of Sir Benjamin's destination, and Mr. Lawyer Clawby's name?"

Jonas went off into fresh contortions.

"Bless you, Master Simple," he said at last, in a weak voice, and holding his waistcoat with both hands. "Why? Because *she* is Mistress Kesia Clawby, Lawyer Clawby's eldest daughter!"

As I turned in at aunt Priscilla's gate, and ran up the steps, I left old Jonas leaning up against the wheel, and laughing in so excessive a manner, that when the coach commenced to move on, he straightway took a seat in the road.

Now it so happened that I myself had an invitation to a *soirée* at the Clawby mansion that night, to have the honour of meeting Sir Benjamin Cossett, and other legal lights; and much discussion had taken place in our little circle as to whether or not I should go. Aunt Priscilla maintained it to be my duty, as a possible means of advancement in my profession; Pauline would have it that all the Clawby girls were giddy flirts; and she needed Simon, to hold skeins of wool, and sit beside her while she worked, just on that particular evening of all others.

Now the "Clawby girl" I had just seen was certainly not a "giddy flirt"; and the sight of her and Sir Benjamin,

renewing their kind acquaintance, promised to be so interesting that—though I had been all on Pauline's side in the morning—I now changed round, and viewed the matter in the wise light set forth by aunt Priscilla.

This dutiful conduct highly gratified my kind relative, who—when I came arrayed in my best evening attire, to bid her good night—patted my hand fondly, and repeated her text about the jewel of Chance, little guessing how appropriate any mention of a jewel appeared to me just then.

My sweet Pauline pouted not a little, and threw a skein of wool in my face, when I went for to kiss her; but she ran after me down the stairs and did fully atone in the shadow of the hall door; though I discovered, later in the evening, that she had made use of that opportunity, to slip the skein of wool into my pocket, which skein I afterwards flourished before an assembly of fair ladies in Lawyer Clawby's drawing room, supposing it to have been my finest lace handkerchief.

As I made my way through the crowded reception rooms at the Clawby mansion, I soon caught sight of Mistress Kesia, and recognised her instantly, although the green bonnet had made way for a becoming head-dress of white lace, surmounted by a diamond tiara, and she was resplendent in flowing robes of yellow satin brocade.

I made my way, with all convenient speed, in her direction; and soon found myself wedged into a corner exactly behind the ottoman upon which she was seated.

Miss Kesia Clawby was exerting all her charms to please and captivate the guest of the evening, no less a personage than His Majesty's smallest and most pompous judge, Sir Benjamin Cossett.

Very different he appeared to the frightened, desperate, little gentleman in the coach, who had disappeared into the foggy night, all bespattered with mud, and livid with terror. His black velvet coat, and silken breeches, fitted his dapper figure to perfection; while his diamond buckles, silver buttons, and spotless lawn frills, relieved his otherwise somewhat sombre attire.

He seemed quite fascinated by his



host's eldest daughter. He had conducted her to this secluded corner, and placed her upon a *low* seat; and now stood before her, one hand gracefully thrust into his breast, drawn up to his full height, after the manner of little men, who desire to make a large impression upon tall women. He was giving her a tragic and marvellous

"But ah! my dear madam," I heard him say; "justice will overtake her yet. She has yet to learn that His Majesty's judges cannot be assaulted and insulted with impunity. If that daring female ever ventures into my presence, I shall recognise her instantly. There was an obnoxious atmosphere about her of which I should be conscious in a moment.



"MY SWEET PAULINE POUTED NOT A LITTLE"

account of his shocking adventure of the afternoon, and enlarging greatly upon his own personal courage, and the coolness he had displayed under such trying circumstances, and upon the over-chivalrous tendencies of his disposition, which had prevented him from handing over the dangerous female to the stern arm of the law.

Even in this crowded room, even under the sweet influence of your gracious presence, I should raise my head, and, gazing around with the calm majesty of the law, should say: 'That odious woman is *here*!'

As you may suppose, Mistress Kesia enjoyed herself finely, during this beautifully delivered peroration. Her com-

plexion went the exact colour of pale primrose soap, and the long forefinger of her right hand, kept on pointing from sheer nervousness. But little Sir Benjamin was greatly flattered by the extreme emotion she displayed, attributing it solely to consideration for himself; and, bending over her most tenderly, begged her to forget the tale, which was indeed too alarming for her delicate ears.

His glass eye looked fishy, and decidedly the worse for the energetic poke administered by the lady's finger; but his natural one twinkled and beamed with kindly feeling, and his whole face and figure betokened conscious pride at the evidently strong impression he had made upon the fair damsel before him.

And then poor Miss Kesia found a voice, albeit a somewhat shaky one; and called on heaven not to let the vile wretch go unpunished; and used so many hard names about the creature, that I could scarce believe mine own ears. And after this, she and Sir Benjamin got on better than ever, and he, taking a high chair, sat himself down close beside her, and called her "sweet Mistress Kesia;" and when I saw her looking up at him, and clasping her hands, and sitting as *low* as possible upon the ottoman, and saying "Ah, Sir Benjamin," and "Oh, Sir Benjamin," and "Did you indeed, Sir Benjamin?" I perceived what sort of card the good lady was playing, and that she meant to own that jewel of a glass eye after all.

\* \* \* \*

Not many weeks later we heard the news of the betrothal of Mistress Kesia Clawby to Sir Benjamin Cossett; the wedding being fixed for an early date. I had become better acquainted with the Clawby family since attending their *soirée*, although old Clawby had given me nothing as yet save painful and patronising claps on the back, and promises of good cases some day.

Now, as time went on, I was invited to a private view of the magnificent presents received by Mistress Kesia; and this invitation furnished me with an idea.

I went to a jeweller in town, and had a fine cornelian cut into the exact shape

of an eye, and set as a pendant. I ordered a case to be made for it, lined with dark blue carriage cloth; and I forwarded it by post to Mistress Kesia Clawby, accompanied by this simple inscription: "With the congratulations of a fellow-passenger."

When I went to view the presents, mine was not displayed amongst them; but I overheard one of the younger Misses Clawby, telling a lady friend about it, and how greatly it had agitated and upset poor Kesia; she having felt it to be an unkind reflection upon Sir Benjamin's glass eye, over which she was almost morbidly sensitive; and most stringent inquiries were being made, to discover the perpetrator of so unseemly a joke.

When next I saw Sir Benjamin and Mistress Kesia, they were standing together in Clapham Parish Church, and he was endowing her with all his worldly goods, glass eye included; and she was bashfully murmuring the sentences which made her Lady Cossett.

At the reception afterwards, given with much splendour at the Clawby mansion, I contrived to have a word with the bride.

"May I be allowed to congratulate your ladyship?" I said, speaking for her ear alone. "After all, you possess the jewel, to have and to hold."

She started, and looked at me with terror in her eyes.

"What mean you, Master Simple?" she said in a convulsive whisper.

"Merely, my lady," I made answer, "that I wish the Law had an eye into which I could poke my finger, and thereby win the jewel of a chance to rise in my profession, and have some prospect of driving my own coach some day."

Here others came between us, and I, bowing low, turned away; but e'er the happy couple took their departure, I saw Lady Cossett draw old Clawby aside and make him a request in a most urgent and instant manner, and as old Clawby nodded consent, I fancied he looked my way. A few days later, he put into my hands one of the best cases to be had.

When it came on, after some delay, as chance ordained, it was tried before

Justice Cossett, just returned from his honeymoon.

Some kind fairy had said a word in his ear, for he turned his glass eye on all the best points of the other side; but saw mine in a moment, and made much of them; giving me, in the end, a big and brilliant win.

This was my start. As the prophets had prophesied, when the jewel of Chance lay in my path, I had not failed to pick it up.

But in the midst of my success, my conscience smote me, seeing how worried and anxious Lady Cossett oft-times looked, and how she avoided me, like the plague, when we chanced to attend the same receptions.

Also, I had told my sweet Pauline the whole story, and she—after nearly dying of laughter—had suddenly, with perplexing rapidity of transition, dissolved into tears; and then, in an outburst of most unexpected anger, had rated me soundly for what she pleased to call my wicked, worldly, grasping, heartless conduct; and vowed she would never marry me, to live on the proceeds of the poor lady's terrors. Her lovely grey eyes flashed; her little foot beat the floor; and I loved her all the better for giving me so sound a rating. So I wound her soft brown hair around my fingers, and promised to make all right for Lady Cossett.

Not long after, I chanced to be prosecuting before Sir Benjamin Cossett, a thorough London rogue,—a lank, lean, chap, who had perpetrated most evils under the sun. In an exceptionally brilliant cross-examination, I elicited the fact that, besides his other crimes, it was *he* who, masquerading in female attire, had concealed himself in the Clapham Coach, and attacked Sir Benjamin Cossett, on a dark night in November. I even extorted such details as that he assumed, to aid his wicked purpose, a green silk bonnet of a large pattern, a fur tippet, and a silken gown.

Sir Benjamin's excitement was tremendous. He avowed afterwards that he had felt, from the first entrance of the prisoner into court, an undefinable sensation of having met with him before, under horrible circumstances; that his face and figure gradually grew more

terribly familiar, until at last my brilliant forensic skill unveiled the fearful truth. He gave him the heaviest sentence the law allowed; and none but I knew why the culprit accepted it with gratitude.

My fortune was made. Sir Benjamin asked me to his house, and pointed me out as the rising barrister of the day.

A few weeks later my little girl and I were married at the parish church; she bestowing on me the most precious jewel this wide world contained,—her own sweet self.

Lady Cossett was pleased to grace our wedding, all smiles and affability. Sir Benjamin was there also, strutting about like a proud bantam, and making it evident to all assembled, that he honestly thought himself six feet high, and his tall lady barely five.

When the coach, in which I was to take my love away, was already at the door, and while aunt Priscilla was upstairs, assisting her to don her travelling attire, Lady Cossett drew me on one side, and, tapping my coat sleeve with her fan, said playfully:

"In truth, Master Simon, it strikes me you are not so *simple* as our good old nurses would have had us to believe!"

I made reply, bowing low before her:

"You praise me too highly, my lady."

"But tell me," she said seriously, a troubled look shadowing her kindly face, "did not Sir Benjamin sentence that poor man more hardly than his real offence deserved? I cannot but feel sad when I think of him in prison."

"Madam," I said, "to you I owe an explanation of the matter. I, and I alone, had discovered against that fellow sure proof of an offence which would have been a hanging matter. I saw him in the prison, and he was thankful to find that having once worn a green silk bonnet and assaulted His Majesty's judge in a coach, would save him the gallows. So your ladyship's mind may be easy on that score."

She heaved a deep sigh of relief, and then said gaily:

"Well, Master Simple, count on me always as your very good friend; and I have here a little private wedding gift for your sweet bride, and also one for

yourself, which will, I hope, enable you to have as fine a coach as you please, to yourselves, with no fear of mad fellow-passengers, during your honeymoon journey. And more I cannot wish you, than that you may be as happy as are my good Sir Benjamin and I.

She slipped a little packet into my hand, and, with another kind smile, turned away.

My Pauline's step was on the stair; but e'er I turned to go and meet her,

and pass her little hand proudly through my arm, I had time to glance at Lady Cossett's present.

It was the eye-shaped cornelian pendant; but now set in fine brilliants, and wrapped in a cheque on her ladyship's bankers, for one hundred pounds!

And this is how I found my jewel, Chance, in a stage-coach; and, as aunt Priscilla had oftentimes prophesied, when it lay in my path, I did not fail to pick it up.



# Camden Place, Chislehurst, and the Ancient Game of Golf

A FORMER IMPERIAL RESIDENCE NOW A GOLF CLUB

WRITTEN AND DESCRIBED BY A. DE BURGH

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. COOLING, CHISLEHURST



**O**F all the games which became fashionable and popular during the last ten or twenty years none has taken so strong a hold on the public at large as the royal and ancient game of golf, and the reason for this is not difficult to understand. To play the game one is compelled to walk some miles generally over breezy downs or hilly surfaces; there is no need of running or any other violent exercise; one may suit one's own fancy as to pace, and still there is plenty of opportunity for display of skill and judgment, and sufficient variety and excitement. The fact that women may play this ancient game without giving any advantage to the sterner sex is also favourable to its popularity. When we look through the report of the doings at the great golf links of Great Britain and the European Continent, we find that many ladies have attained great renown at the game, and the Countess of Annersley is by no means the only lady-president of a golf-club (the Countess takes great interest in golf, and plays frequently at Newcastle, the green of the County Down Golf Club, of which she is president), the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava presides over the Royal Belfast Ladies' Golf Club, Miss Reade captains the club at Ashdown Forest, and there are many other too numerous to be mentioned here.

Golf has also been taken up strongly in America, and we read in one of the sporting papers of our cousins across the Atlantic of "The latest development in the pursuit of golf which is decidedly illuminating. The trying heat of the occidental summer is being obviated by

special means of locomotion. Bicycle paths are being laid out from tee to hole, and, after a good drive, the player may have a refreshing spin of a couple of hundred yards before taking his second club in hand. As if this were not enough, we are told that 'the golf club at Oakland, Long Island, is about to construct a private tramway line completely encircling the links.' The cars will be equipped with easy chairs, and iced drinks will be provided, thus enabling the golfers to cover the longest stretches with ease and comfort."

But an undeniable proof of the great appreciation of golf may be found in the fact that it is in many instances included in the list of studies, and, at a school for girls near New York, a special course of golf is provided for the students. Uncle Jonathan is certainly progressive! His ideas would suit the most advanced members of the London School Board.

It is remarkable how the European Continent has followed suit in the love of this royal and ancient game; links may be found at many places, and it was on those of Cannes that quite lately H.R.H. the Prince of Wales made his first public *début*. He was frequently during the last season seen playing in company with the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who is the head of the Cannes Golf Club. His Royal Highness has signalled his interest in the game by becoming Patron of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, which, by the way, is the oldest Golfing Society in the world. Although golf is essentially a Scotch game, and certainly was always very popular there, we must not overlook a declaration made by





THE CLUB HOUSE

the Scotch Parliament in the good old days of golf which stated it to be "the mother of cursing and idleness, mischief and wastery," and "it was utterly cryit down and nocht usit," because it induced the people to neglect the more necessary exercise of arms. The game was early introduced into England by the Stuarts.

In Australia the game is now quite a settled institution, many golf clubs having been formed during the last few years; even in South Africa we learn of links having been established. Whether our troublesome friend, the President of the South African Republic, has as yet wielded the club history does not state; however, we fear by so doing he might compromise the dignity of his high office. A foursomes between Kruger and Schreiner against the Secretary of State for the Colonies and Cecil Rhodes should provide a very interesting spectacle.

We should like to speak of some of the most renowned links now in existence, like those of St. Andrew's or Sandwich, where the final in this year's

Parliamentary Golf Handicap was played, or those of North Berwick, Bembridge, Musselburgh, etc., etc. However, we need not go so far away to see good links and good play.

Only about eleven miles from the Metropolis, in a suburban district which can be reached in half an hour's journey from Charing Cross, there is in existence to-day a golf club which can well compete with the most perfect of its kind for supremacy.

Chislehurst is one of the prettiest and best known suburban villages. The Common, which lies high on the top of an extensive hill and is partly wooded, and provided with ponds and pools, and intersected by many drives and foot-paths, gives more the impression of a park than of a vulgar Common.

The most conspicuous building there, which lies on the west side of the Common, is the historical mansion, with its beautiful park, "Camden Place." It was, as far back as 1609, the home of William Camden, the Elizabethan historian, the "Father of English Anti-quarians.

Early in the present century the mansion gained gruesome notoriety by the terrible murder of its owner, Mr. Thomas Bonar, a gentleman of seventy years of age, and his wife, Anne, who was fifty-nine. They were brutally murdered in their bedchamber by a domestic servant on the last day of May, 1813. There may now be seen at the parish cemetery a tombstone, on which is recorded the cruel deed by which two highly respected people were deprived of their lives, and it is especially mentioned that it always was their fervent prayer that they might be permitted to leave this world together, and that this appeal to the Highest was granted them by their Heavenly Father in His unfathomable goodness! (It is not stated whether the form of departure from this earth which they experienced was exactly what they had prayed for.)

After the, for France, disastrous war of 1870-71, the exiled Imperial family of that country established their home at Camden Place, and in one of its rooms Napoleon III. died. The Empress Eugénie was here informed of the sad fate of her only gallant son, and the

bodies of both, the ex-Emperor and the Prince Imperial found a temporary resting-place in a special mortuary chapel adjoining the Roman Catholic Chapel of Saint Mary. When the Empress left Camden House for Farnborough, the remains of her husband and son were removed to a mausoleum she built near her new residence. But there still stands a granite cross near the entrance of the park, erected in memory of the young Prince by the inhabitants of the village.

During the time the French Imperial family was in residence at Camden Place, Chislehurst was actually filled with Frenchmen and French ladies who had followed their former Emperor into exile. The Roman Catholic Chapel on Sunday mornings was resplendent with the grandees of the second Empire, and the ex-Emperor, ex-Empress and Prince Imperial, with their suites, were rarely absent. The very pretty chapel looks very different at the present day, and the worshippers are few and far between. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

For years no tenant could be found for Camden Place, and the house and park were in danger of falling into the



THE AVENUE, CAMDEN PLACE

hands of speculative builders, when a local syndicate, formed for the purpose of saving the estate, came to the rescue, and Camden House, with about seventy acres of land, was secured for £36,000. "Camden House, Limited," is now the happy possessor of the splendid mansion and park. It speaks well for the public spirit and the loyalty of the gentry of Chislehurst and neighbourhood that they subscribed so large a sum of money when there is actually very little hope of the venture turning out a financial success,

had to be purchased on this occasion for a large price had been a little later than a hundred years ago, public property. There is in the British Museum an old map, dated 1680, showing that at that time, the house which stood then on the site of the present mansion, had only two acres of land connected with it, and was surrounded by Chislehurst Heath on all sides but the west.

Among the illustrious persons who occupied the mansion was one legal luminary who had a failing, not probably



THE LINKS

and the most sanguine calculations do not allow of more than two per cent interest on the investment. A gentleman resident of the district, Mr. A. Travers Hawes, who fathered the enterprise with great care and circumspection, was anxious ever since the ex-Empress gave up her tenancy of Camden Place to save the mansion which was likely to be pulled down. The building may well be classed among the historic houses of the country.

It is an interesting and significant fact that a great portion of the land, which

uncommon at that time, of increasing his own possessions by enclosing from time to time pieces of the public common, and the purchasers of the estate had now had to pay for that enclosed land. An amusing account of a conversation with reference to the enclosure of portions of Chislehurst Common has been handed down to us. Owing to the extensive encroachments a certain amount of agitation prevailed among the villagers—there were no large houses there in those days, it being 150 years

ago—and one rustic was deputed by the villagers to expostulate with this legal luminary as to the various encroachments that were being made. The old man found his opportunity one morning as Lord Camden was taking his morning walk. His lordship stopped and addressed the old man in his usual affable manner :—

"Well, John, any news in the village this morning?"

"No, m'lord," replied the man, "I can't say there be, but folk *do* talk about the Common."

"Talk about the Common," returned the historian, "well, what do they say?"

"Well, m'lord, they say this kind of thing : supposing a man were to steal a goose off the common, what would you do with him?"

"Bring him, to me, John, I'll see to that," replied his lordship.

"Yes, m'lord," interposed the man, "so they say ; and so they talk, but they go on to say : supposing a man were to steal a bit of the Common from the goose, what would you do, then?"

"Oh," replied his lordship, "that's a different matter. Good morning, John."

Splendid golf links (nine holes at the present which shortly will be increased to eighteen) have been laid out in the park of Camden Place, and the mansion has been converted into a club-house which rivals the very best of its kind. The rooms and halls placed at the disposal of the members are large, lofty and ornamental, there are reading rooms, billiard rooms and dining rooms, the upper floor containing drawing rooms, etc., for the ladies. The entrance hall is especially quaint with its oak-carvings. The pleasure affords great attractions in beautiful avenues of trees, smooth lawns and shady nooks, and the stretch of land is sufficiently undulating to give the golf course an interesting variety. That this new club will prove one of the great attractions in the neighbourhood there cannot remain any doubt, and the number of members is already not alone numerous, but also in every respect representative. Mr. Dun (of Parr's Bank) is the first President of the Club.

Play has become very popular, and is freely participated in by both ladies and

gentlemen. Although the links have been in use for some time, it was only on June 24th last that the Club was formally opened, and the function was made the occasion of assembling a company of some of the best golf players of Britain at Camden Place. There were present the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and his brother Gerald, Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Advocate, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. John Penn, M.P., Lady Eleanor Pratt, Mr. Arnold Blyth, Sir Walter Murton, and a host of others.

After lunch, which was served to one hundred and twenty guests in the noble dining room, the company comprising ladies and gentlemen, two great foursomes of eighteen holes were played between the first Lord of the Treasury and Mr. A. D. Blythe against Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. John Penn, the latter being victorious. The match proved a very interesting one, and was followed closely by a large assembly of spectators.

Another foursomes between Sir John Lubbock and Sir Samuel Hoare against the Speaker and Lord Advocate was played off, and was a most exciting match ending all even.

A more delightful afternoon could not have been wished for. The charming park, with its graceful undulating scenery was looking its best and the scarlet coats of the golfers lent particular brilliancy to the picture, intermixed as they were with the tasteful, light summer dresses of the ladies.

As already mentioned the Club is for both sexes and the house is quite a palatial home. The well-kept lawns surrounding it planted with beautiful old cedar trees afford on fine afternoons a most animated scene, and the Club is already one of the popular resorts of Chislehurst, which in itself is doubtless the most charming village near London.

Our contemporary "Golf Illustrated," has some most pertinent remarks as to the healthfulness of the game, which we take liberty to repeat here as they will interest the readers of this paper ; "Apropos of the spread of golf, I was talking the other day to a well-known medical man, who assured me that amongst his own patients the game was

daily finding fresh adherents. He said that many hunting men and women have abandoned hunting for golf, finding it more healthful, easier to get, equally enjoyable, and cheaper. My medical friend described golf as the very best out-door exercise he knew for all sorts and conditions of people."

Before closing our description of what is now one of the finest Golf Clubs in England we must say a few words about the Parish Church which stands not very far from Camden Place. It is a very picturesque old ivy-clad building, and contains a most beautiful memorial of

the first and last Earl of Sidney in the shape of a recumbent figure in marble of the deceased nobleman, and also a brass tablet commemorating Sir Edmund Walsingham, for many years Lieutenant of the Tower of London, who died in 1549.

Our photographs comprise views of Camden House, now the Club House of the Park, the avenue, and one instantaneous photograph of a scene at the opening of the Club on June 24th last, when a large gathering had assembled on the first tee to see the distinguished visitors drive off.



MR. JOHN PENN "PUTTING"





*From Photo by ELLIOTT & FRY*

## *Miss Lily Hanbury at Home*

BY A. HENRIQUES VALENTINE.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**A**MONG the many brilliant young actresses that the English stage has produced in recent years, Miss Lily Hanbury takes a foremost place. Doubly endowed by Nature with talent and beauty, she has worked her way into the hearts of the theatre-going public in the course of a comparatively short theatrical career, and her success has been as pronounced as it has been unenvied by her fellow artistes. Added to her great natural gifts, she has the charm of grace and manner which wins the affection of all with whom she comes in contact, and it is almost as much to her personality as to her talent that her undoubted popularity is attributable.

When I called on Miss Hanbury with the object of interviewing her, I was received in a charming little drawing-room at her home, which contains an endless collection of theatrical souvenirs and portraits. I was so deeply interested in these artistic souvenirs, that for the moment I forgot the object of my visit. First I took up one sweet little gift to Miss Hanbury from one of the great lights of the stage, then turned over the pages of a book of theatrical reminiscences, and when at last I was momentarily lost in admiring the pose of Miss Hanbury in a photograph that was taken three years ago, it was then only that I was reminded of the object of my visit and thought of duty's call, and immediately said, "Now,

Miss Hanbury, will you kindly tell me some of the interesting events of your life."

Now I knew Miss Hanbury was modest, but I must confess I was not prepared for her saying: "I am afraid my life is the most uninteresting possible. It is simply a uniform monotony, and I have scarcely anything to say that the public does not already know. I haven't had any adventures, or been in a fire, or even been wrecked, and I am sure you will find what I tell you deadly dull."

I of course protested against such an admission, and assured Miss Hanbury that the public were the best judges, that they loved her for her own sake, and were a great deal more interested in her stage career than in the stirring adventures by flood and sea which did not occur.

"But where am I to commence?" was the next question.

"Right from the first," I answered, "and please tell me what induced you to go on the stage, and in what character you made your *début*."

"Well, that is very easy. About eleven years ago, when I was only a school-girl, I attended a *matinée* at the Savoy, to see my cousin Julia Neilson play the part of Galatea in Mr. Gilbert's piece 'Pygmalion and Galatea.' Mr. Gilbert was sitting near me, and he laughingly asked me if I would like to go on the stage. It had always been my ambition, and naturally I jumped at the idea, but never dreamt for one moment how soon my wish would be realised. Mr. Gilbert became interested in me, and shortly afterwards I was given the small part of Myrine in 'Pygmalion,' which I played at *matinées*."

"And weren't you nervous, and didn't you feel like a school-girl?"

"Not a little bit, and I felt like a woman, and awfully proud of myself."

"And what was your next *rôle*?"

"That of a school-girl," was the laughing reply, "for I was sent back to school, where I bemoaned my fate for two long, sad, weary years."

"And at the end of that awful period?"

"I commenced to think of the stage in real earnest. In November, 1890, I

joined Mr. Thorne's company at the Vaudeville, and played there in various *rôles* till the following September. I also accompanied Mr. Thorne on his provincial tour, and played among other parts that of Constance Neville in 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"

"And after that?"

"I was very fortunate in meeting Mr. Wilson Barrett out at a party, and he told me he would be delighted if I joined his company at the Olympic. He was not nearly so delighted as I was."

"What would you consider your first real success?" I interpolated.

"Undoubtedly, when I appeared with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the 'Dancing Girl,' was the ready answer. "At the Olympic I gained a great deal of experience, and naturally dived into the delights of melodrama, and among other parts sustained those of Hetty Prynne in 'The Lights of London,' Nellie Denver in 'The Silver King,' Countess Wintensen in 'The Stranger,' Lady Mary in 'Chatterton,' and made my *début* in Shaksperian tragedy as the Player Queen in 'Hamlet.' I was then engaged by Mr. George Alexander, and accompanied him on his first provincial tour, when I played the principal part in 'Gay Lothario,' and Kate Merryweather in 'The Idler.' On our return to the St. James's Theatre, I continued the part of Kate Merryweather, and understudied Miss Marion Terry in 'Lord Anerley.' While we were at the St. James's, 'Lady Windermere's Fan' was produced, and one of my proudest reminiscences is the fact that I was the original Lady Windermere. It was then that I was vain enough to think that my success was ensured, and I subsequently joined Mr. Tree in a provincial tour, playing in his *répertoire* 'The Dancing Girl,' 'The Ballad Monger,' and 'The Red Lamp.'"

"You appear to have been very industrious, Miss Hanbury, and to have done a tremendous lot of work in these three or four years," I suggested.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply; "but then, you see, I loved my art, was ambitious, and must frankly admit I was fortunate."

I objected strongly to the element of luck in Miss Hanbury's career, but the

fair exponent of Lady Windermere would have it.

"My career," she added, "seems to have been wrapped up in the St. James's or the Haymarket, or, in other words, with Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander. But, of course, at this particular period, I was not entirely associated with the comedies at these houses, for, after playing in Pinero's pretty play of 'The Amazons,' at the Court, where, in the

women on the English stage who can carry a costume and show it off to such immense advantage as Miss Hanbury, and, as far as my "mere man's" opinion goes, I cordially agree with the lady critics. So it is not surprising that she prefers to wear the lovely gowns which always find a prominent position in that mysterious portion of the criticism in the papers, the morning following the *premieres* in which Miss Hanbury



MISS LILY HANBURY IN "THE PEOPLE'S IDOL"

*From Photo by ELLIOTT & FRY*

part of Lady Beltubet, I had to dress as a boy with a gun under my arm, and shooting knickerbockers and gaiters, I went to Drury Lane and acted in 'A Life of Pleasure.'"

I can well remember this pretty play, and I ventured to remind Miss Hanbury how charming she looked as a sports-woman; but Miss Hanbury is not enamoured of ladies dressing in boys' attire on the stage. I have heard it said by lady critics that there are few

happens to have appeared, under the heading of "The Dresses."

Among the later plays in which Miss Hanbury evidenced to the full her great histrionic talent, those of "The Benefit of the Doubt," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "For the Crown," and "Under the Red Robe," stand out in bold relief, and in these she clearly demonstrated her position as one of the cleverest light comediennes on the English stage.

She has endeared herself to the public

by the thoroughness of her interpretation of all her parts, the intelligence she has displayed in their portrayal, the earnestness of her acting, the transition from humour to pathos, according to the situation, and last, and not least, the beauty of her face and expression, and her perfection of figure. Of her versatility it is difficult to speak too highly. When in America, where she was acting with Mr. Tree about five years ago, she told an interviewer that her ambition was to play the part of some great Shaksperian heroine, like Portia or Ophelia. The ambition was soon realised, for, on her return, she assumed both these imposing characters in Mr. Ben Greet's company, and made a success which she declares she never dared to anticipate in her most sanguine moments.

Had not Lily Hanbury been a celebrated actress she would have been a beautiful singer, for it is not generally known that, among her other great natural gifts, she possesses a voice of singular sweetness and power. In this respect she resembles her cousin, Miss Julia Neilson, who was trained for the operatic stage.

"Have you ever sung on the stage, Miss Hanbury?" I inquired.

"Only once, when I sang the song of 'The Devout Lover' in 'The Ballad Monger,' with Mr. Tree. But I love singing, and am constantly practising. And now I think I have told you enough to bore you for evermore."

Naturally, I felt inclined to say that I hoped it would always be my fate to be so bored; but I did not give expression to my thoughts, and asked, instead, what were Miss Hanbury's favourite characters. I was not surprised when I heard they were Lady Isobel, in "The Tempter," and Lady Windermere, in comedy; and Ophelia and Portia in Shaksperian plays. But I discovered that her ambition would not be satisfied till she has played Katherine in "Taming of the Shrew"—and what a Katherine Lily Hanbury would make!


Among the most prized of the many souvenirs which Miss Hanbury possesses—and one which I admired very much—is a lovely gold brooch, with V.R. set in turquoise and pearls, and

surmounted by a crown, which the Queen presented to her when she played before Her Majesty at Balmoral. Miss Hanbury is never tired of showing her honoured and precious gift, and of telling you of the kind and gracious manner in which the Queen spoke to her when she made the presentation.

I could write a great deal more of Miss Lily Hanbury, but everything must have an ending, and will only say, in conclusion, that one of her most charming characteristics is her love to do anything in the cause of charity, or to help a fellow artiste not so eminent as herself. That she loves to do good is amply illustrated by her constant appearance at hospital bazaars and entertainments in aid of the poor and suffering; and, certainly, no list of artistes at charity performances seems complete without her name gracing the bill.

Of her future movements Miss Hanbury could not speak decisively, but she will probably sustain a prominent rôle at the Haymarket Theatre, in "The Degenerates," and once again will the public have the opportunity of seeing one of its popular idols in an entirely new character. Miss Hanbury has only adorned the stage for ten years, and it would not be ungracious to say that it seems longer, as her name has been so prominent almost from her first appearance. If any convincing proof of her natural ability were wanting, it could be found in the fact that whereas in most instances actresses have to work for years before they can secure a part, even a minor part, in London, in Miss Hanbury's case her talent was recognised immediately by managers, and she has been a principal almost from the time when she was a novice. This sounds paradoxical, but it is nevertheless a fact.


That her histrionic ability is hereditary is illustrated by her clever sister, Miss Hilda Hanbury, and her cousin, Miss Julia Neilson. She is a quick "study," and somewhat emotional, for which her kindness of heart is in a degree responsible. She is devotedly attached to dumb animals, very fond of outdoor sports, has been called a romp and a tom-boy, and rides a bike, which, like everything else she does, she rides well.



# THE TUG OF WAR. ON ENGINE GREEN.

WRITTEN BY ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS. ILLUSTRATED BY W. BROOKE ALDER

## I.



At the north end of Long Easton is a common, and on one side of the common stands a row of fine oaks and elms. A diligent observer would note that the row was at one time much longer, as is proved by a series of depressions and the decayed remnants of large roots.

Not far from the trees there is a level, open space of grass growing on the top of rock, which crops out here and there about the common. In fact, quite close to this level space, known as Engine Green, is a disused quarry, out of which was taken, in days gone by, the material for many of the houses in Long Easton. During the daytime children come and peer over into the quarry, and then withdraw to the Green to play at a game called "Old and New," wherein sturdy youngsters haul hard at the ends of a stout string, or of a number of kerchiefs knotted into a rope, or of whatever else may be handy for the purpose. The game is practically nothing more than an ordinary tug of war. But why it is played on that particular spot, and whence that particular spot derives its name, and why people hurry past it of a dark

night—all belongs to the story in which both quarry-pit and the missing trees figured prominently.

On a September day, in the year of the great drought, a small group of men sat outside the "White Hart," applying good liquor within to counteract the dryness without.

"That's uncommon like the sound of Pennethorne's engine," remarked a wizened little man, whose leather apron, well worn at the centre, betrayed the cobbler.

"Anyway, it's coming from Felix's end o' the village," said another.

"No, it ain't, John Sturges, 'cos I see it coming t'other way."

"Well, then, it's not that I hear; an' I'll be bound it's the Old 'Un making the noise I indicate. She pants faster than the New 'Un. I'm right, too; for here she comes round the bend by Dann's."

"Then we'll have some fun," put in a third. "Joe and Amos can't pass without a few compliments. Amos is as vain as a turkey cock of his new engine, an' its patent expansion gear, and shelter overhead. But, Joe, he holds that his, bein' bigger, is a sight stronger. From the way they go on one might think 'im to be Kyffin an'



Felix; and Amos, Pennethorne. The owners 'emselves couldn't be more jealous."

"I doubt it's all engines," said the cobbler, shaking his head sagely.

Meanwhile the locomotives, towing heavy loads, had approached to within speaking distance.

"Hello!" yelled the driver of the newer engine, referred to above as the

that a certain new-fangled concern got shoved down the Puttenden Slopes by ten ton o' bricks, and nigh killed a cow."

"Anyway, it didn't take the coping off Farley Bridge."

"But it *did* break Jones' culvert, an' got bogged in Pepper Lane," roared Trueman, also slackening.

"An' didn't take the gate-post at Potten's yard," shouted Stevens.



"'I SEE THE POST MYSEL'!"

New 'Un, "How's the market for old iron?"

"Not so good as the cheapness of green paint, Amos Stevens," was the prompt reply.

"I wonder who couldn't take the fifty quarters of wheat up Tatley Hill?" asked Stevens, slackening speed.

"An' something whispered to me

"That's a lie about the gate-post," retorted his antagonist—"a regular lie."

"No, it ain't. I see the post mysel'."

"You be a liar, Stevens, I tell 'ee."

"Who's a liar?" shouted the other, springing into the road, and putting up his fists. "You come down an' I'll liar ye."

Trueman was on the ground in a twinkling, looking very big as he faced his dark, slight challenger.

"The driver of the engine of Penne-thorne Brothers ain't goin' to give any lip to him who drives for Kyffin an' Felix, and tell 'im he can't pass a gate without taking some of it along; seeing that he's been driving these six years, and you only a beggarly four months."

The landlord of the "White Hart" stepped up to interfere. "Now, then, lads, you ought to be ashamed of carry-ing on like this in the highway. You be wrong, Trueman, about that post, 'cos I saw Jones's cart knock it over when his horse ran away with a ton of wurzel. Back you go to your engines, and no fightin' here, as if you was a couple of schoolboys quarrelling over a haporth of sweets."

"He shouldn't 've called me a liar," growled Stevens, angrily.

"An' he'd no call to accuse me of bad drivin'," said Trueman, in an injured tone. But both did as they were bidden, and soon the engines were out of sight.

"Ah!" said the cobbler, "didn't I tell you. There was more'n engines in those young fellows' heads then. Trueman's a quiet, steady chap usually, not given to temper; but lor! didn't he fire up quick. I've heard 'em pass remarks compared to which those were milk an' water, without so much as blinking."

"There's no doubt," replied the inn-keeper, "that the girl Flower is to blame for the way she keeps 'em both dancing attendance. She don't treat 'em like the young fellows—walking-sticks I call 'em—who take her to church, maybe, and then get asked to sheer off. She's encouraged 'em both a deal; and soon both irons 'll be so hot that she won't be able to take either out o' the fire without burning her fingers. P'raps it's not all her fault neither, because her dad favours Trueman, and her mother's got a soft spot for Stevens."

"You're right, there," remarked a burly man who had hitherto smoked in silence. "It's quite different havin' two chaps after one girl, and two girls after one chap. The two men both go to the same house and meet there until they get a bit tired o' seein' one another; but when there's two girls and only one

man atween 'em—why, they get visited separate, and there ain't no scratchin'—at least not in public. There's my missis, now, I picked 'er out o' three, but lor! *they* never fought."

"You *must* a' bin a fine fellow in those days," said the cobbler, a trifle sarcastically. "But how can a man who had all the lasses runnin' after him, like you, understan' what those young men have to put up with? If I was the one o' them I'd let t'other have 'er, 'cos a woman that can't make up her mind is as hard to drive as a blunt awl through leather at the day's end."

"As for expecting one of them to drop out," quoth the merchant of beer, "you might as well whistle jigs to a mile-stone. But I heard it said that she's to give 'em an answer Thursday night. 'An I wish the one who gets her good luck, because she's a pretty bit of pink and white as you could wish to see. Last Sunday I was lookin' at her in church, and bless me if I didn't wish I was twenty years younger." And so saying, the worthy man threw out his chest with a backward jerk of the elbows. Then he made a suggestive movement towards the bar.

"So she's to put 'em out o' their misery Thursday," observed the man of leather. "Well! I think I *could* do with a drop more, Mr. Birrell, just to drink their healths in."

The party disappeared indoors.

## II.

The row of noble elms and oaks skirting the common was doomed. Kyffin and Felix had bought the trees for the timber, and soon the village would know them no more. When the felling began, so hard was the ground below and so hot the sun above, that the pliers of axe and wedge threw down their tools, demanding the aid of steam-power.

The Old 'Un was sent from Kyffin's yard to bring down the trees by main force, when the axes had sapped their roots. One, two, three oaks bit the dust beneath the stress of the wire cable, and then a sturdy elm found the weak spot in the metal rope. A new one was procured, also the services of Penne-thorne's engine, in order to lessen the strain by dividing it.

So it was that Joe Trueman and Amos Stevens found themselves for the first time engaged upon the same task—and the last. Trueman was much vexed that the rival engine should have been called in to supply what might afterwards be treated as the deficiencies of his own.

The day of the "pulling"—a Thursday—is remembered even now as the hottest among the hot days of a tropical September. The sun beat down relentlessly on the men toiling at the roots, and on the drivers at their engines. Many people, nevertheless, visited the common to see the fight between Man and Nature. The sturdy roots clung fast to their mother earth, loth to part company. But the steel cables tightened upon them, the engines panted forwards; a crash; and then one more giant thundered down, the victim of Steam. There was something almost sublime about the struggle; something almost sad.

"I've knowed those trees green an' yellow these five-and-eighty years, boy an' man," said old Abram Jarvis, the village patriarch, looking on. "It seems a main pity to pull 'em down. Get 'em down you may in a few days, but it's a matter of a hundred year to set up the like."

As he turned away he added prophetically, "An' I never knowed any good come o' pulling down big oaks."

At mid-day drivers and cutters knocked off for dinner. By common consent they withdrew to the shelter of the spreading oaks, where they sat or lay down in a straggling circle.

"I can't rec'lect so hot a day in September afore," said a big sun-burnt fellow, as he undid the red handkerchief containing his mid-day meal. "It's punished my neck an' arms cruel."

"It's regular hay weather, an' Michaelmas not a fortnight 'off," observed a second; and a third added, "An' I've knowed weather as hot as this in October an' made hay then, too. There was a man I knew as made in November; an' he was a liar."

"You find it hot, do you, mates?" remarked Joe Trueman. "What 'd you think o' being between two fires? What 'd you say, too, if you felt a hammer, hammer, hammerin' on top of yer head,

an' if yer head was as it might be a hot burnin' coal? Eh, Isaac Dredge?"

"I'd say, mate," replied the first speaker, "that I'd had a bit too much sun, and put a cabbage-leaf in my hat. It's wonderful cooling, is cabbage."

"Ay! Isaac; but suppose when you stooped to coal, everything seemed to twist round, and if yer back was like to snap when you righted yerself again?"

"Megrim's an' backache, to be sure."

"I've had 'em afore now, but not that hammerin'; that's what I can't make up properly."

"P'raps it's the sound o' your knockin' at Furze Cottage door," suggested a pert lad of sixteen, looking about him for applause. Encouraged by sundry winks, he continued, blissfully unconscious of a glaring pair of eyes, "Or it's the sound o' Ag. Flower knockin' at the window when Amos Stevens passes."

Two pairs of eyes glared at the speaker.

"What's that," thundered Trueman, in a tone that robbed the pert one of his pertness and stopped the winking.

"We don't all cackle out what we thinks, youngster," said an elderly man, looking up from an axe he was sharpening, "an' if some little hop-o'-my-thumbs 'd shorter tongues the world 'd be the better for it."

"An' there's another thing," shouted Trueman, springing to his feet, "if I hear any one fingerin' Agnes Flower's name freely, I'll break his neck, be he old or young, wise or foolish. And what's more, there ain't any one whose neck I *couldn't* break in Long Easton when my monkey's up, or who'd stick up to me, for the matter o' that."

"Exceptin' me, of course," interjected Stevens, not liking the ending, though agreeing with the general sentiment of the speech.

"Well, 'ceptin' you p'raps;" and so saying, Trueman flung off towards his engine.

"It ain't Joe's way to be took like that. If he fires up twice in three days there must be a screw wrong somewhere." This from Isaac Dredge. "I say Dave, ain't Steve Adams white about the gills? He's a long-tongued young rascal, who wouldn't be the wuss for a belting."

"Like as not it's the heat, Isaac. When your body's hot the temper's a bit near the top. An' I wouldn't be on the foot-plate of the Old 'Un to-day for summat. It's said, too, that they get their answer to-night; and maybe that makes 'em both a bit fidgety. But I wouldn't vouch for there being a grain o' truth in the report."

All the afternoon, while the engines were making patterns on the common, Trueman was in an uncharitable humour. Stevens' words had aroused afresh the spirit of antagonism. The very proximity to his rival worried him. Now and again he vented his spleen on the trees, using steam so suddenly and freely that only a new cable would have resisted the treatment.

"I say, Joe, what're yer playin' at," shouted a man from the trees, "don't go pullin' like that till we're ready."

The rebuke nettled him. Nor did it soothe his feelings to hear a bystander remark to Stevens, "Thank your stars you've got a shelter. I wouldn't be on the Old 'Un if I had to drive."

"Nobody axed you," bellowed Trueman, breaking a coal savagely with a hammer. Then to himself: "If we were down in front of the 'White Hart' again, blowed if I'd shut up for old father Birrell. Blow me if I would;" and he drew a perspiring arm across a streaming forehead.

The trees fell one after another, until half the noble row was down. At last evening came. Tools were put together for the night. The two drivers, having their engines to attend to, soon found themselves alone on the common.

"One might as well try to pull steel pillars out o' cast iron," growled Trueman, drawing the tarpaulin over his engine and making it snug.

"It ain't the ground only," rejoined Stevens cheerfully, "it's more power we want. I'm goin' to ask the gov'ner if I can't have my escape screwed down a bit. Twenty pounds more steam 'd make a deal o' difference." As he spoke he unhitched a short ladder from the side of the engine, placed it against the funnel, and mounted to insert the damper—a circular wooden plug with a hole in the middle. While so engaged,

his eyes were averted from the other engine.

"But you'd best not ask too," he continued, "'cos the Old 'Un won't stand any games played on *her*. She's a bit groggy in the tubes. Bill Hitchins says also as she's got a bad place or two in the firebox. I shouldn't wonder if there's a bit o' scalin' goin' on inside." The plug was in its place. The speaker descended and replaced the ladder.

Patting the shiny green side of his engine, as a man strokes a horse, he remarked complacently, "Yes! my beauty, you're young an' strong an' healthy. That lass Aggie, bless 'er, knows what's what when she says you're as dainty a bit o' metal as ever left the shops. There now, ain't she a picture?" he continued, carried away by enthusiasm.

For answer, a coal whizzed past his head. It shivered into atoms on the boiler's side, and left behind it a big, ugly mark. Stevens whipped round to confront a big man with his face dark with passion, his arm still extended in the act of throwing.

"Who's got rotten tubes?" yelled Trueman, clenching his fist. "Who's got a groggy firebox? Whose engine is such a beauty that he must needs cram it down my throat? Why! a little hop-o'-my-thumb! a vain little cock-sparrer over-fond of hearin' its own cheep."

Stevens seized his shovel and rushed at the other, who simultaneously armed himself with his stoking-hoe. A few fierce blows were struck without injury to either; and then Stevens, dropping his weapon, ran in and closed. Trueman, finding the hoe useless at close quarters, let it fall, and returned grip with grip. In a moment they were rolling on the ground, tugging and straining like maniacs. Now Trueman was on the top; now his lithe antagonist by a mighty effort reversed the positions. Both were for the time madmen—the tiger element in their nature triumphant. The rivalry of years at last expressed itself in action.

A small boy suddenly appeared on the scene, and disappeared equally suddenly, terror-stricken.

Stevens worked his hand into the



kerchief enveloping his opponent's neck.

"You mean skunk," he hissed in a voice almost tearful with fury, "you'd take me from behind, would yer?" A twist. "You'd sneak an advantage, yer great lump of iniquity." Another twist. Trueman became purple in the face, and tightened his grip until Stevens expected to hear a rib crack.

"Let go, or—I'll break every bone—in yer body—you little varmint," choked Trueman, hugging yet harder. Over and over they rolled on the green in a deadly embrace. Suddenly a voice cried,

"Stop it men! Joe, Amos, leave go!"

Trueman's grip relaxed; Stevens' hand slipped out of the kerchief; and they rose to their feet, somewhat ashamed, like schoolboys detected in wrong-doing.

Trueman drew a deep breath, the first full one for some minutes. The speaker was Agnes Flower.

Her sun-bonnet hung on her neck; her face was flushed with exertion; her eyes gleamed with anger, or the reflection of the fading sunlight. "Call yourselves Christians?" she exclaimed, stamping her foot, "fighting like savages, dogs, cats! First you make a scene in the public way, and then try to murder each other here."

Agnes Flower was undoubtedly angry. To have her favours competed for was one thing; to have them made the occasion of peace-breaking, was another. She felt that public opinion might point the finger of censure at her as the really responsible person. So, somewhat unreasonably, she was angry with the men, and adopted the rôle of virtuous indignation. Perhaps under the circumstances it was the easiest to take. After a breath, she continued: "Nice it'll be for me to have my name coupled with a pair of brawlers. If Teddy Daines hadn't run an' told me, one of you 'd 've been killed, I'll warrant. A nice figure you'd cut if the village could see you now."

The men did indeed present a sorry spectacle. Their jackets were in shreds, their faces grimy and bruised, their eyes bloodshot.

But though partly abashed they were

in a dangerous humour, ready for further violence; and Agnes Flower's words did not make for peace. For the time, tenderness and pretty speeches were thrown aside, and mere naked passion urged them to speak hard words.

"Who're you to lecture us?" burst out Stevens. "Ain't it for *you* we're fightin'? Ain't it for *you* we've kept our eyes off the other lasses? Ain't it for *you* we've saved the shillings these two years back? Whose fault is it we're fightin'? Is it the engines that roused us? No! it's *you*, who keep two strings on yer bow an' expect neither to fray."

"Ay!" interjected Trueman in the high falsetto of excitement. "Which 's the worst; to keep two fellers waitin', or for them to get sick of waitin' an' to spar? Expect to drive a pair as long as you like an' they never have a kick at each other? T'ain't likely when we've been goin' so long, either's goin' to clap on the reversin' gear. You're head driver. You've got to tell us when one of us is to stop. If you don't there'll be a bust up, a mighty awful bust up."

"That's no reason for quarrelling and killing each other," retorted the girl, nettled by the tone, and even more by the justice of their defence. "A couple o' hop-pickers wouldn't carry on like that."

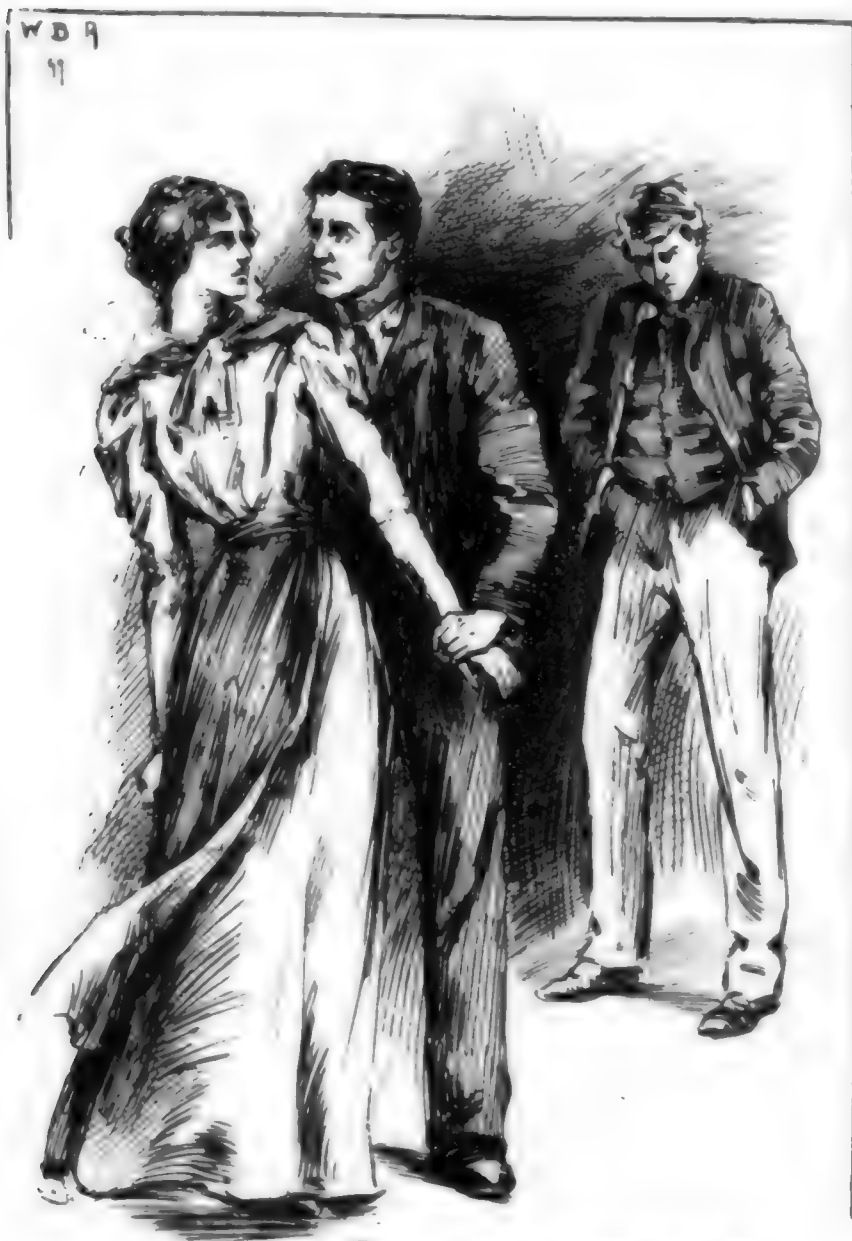
"Then if you want to stop us fightin' why don't you say straight out who's to be top sawyer. We can't both have you, so let's know who it's to be; here just where we stand. Then there'll be naught to bark about." Trueman's voice again became falsetto.

"You won't get an answer to-night, if that's what you want," said the girl, tossing her head. "It's quite enough to have to come and part you. Think I'm going to tie myself to either while you're half crazy with anger?" And she made a motion of departure. Trueman stepped forward and caught her wrist.

"No! you don't. We'll take a yea or nay here under God's sky, which was made before Furze Cottage."

"Let me go. Let me go, I say." The girl jerked her wrist free, and Trueman did not seize it again. "If you think you're going to force me, you're mightily mistaken. There are other men in the world besides you two. If I





" 'WE'LL TAKE A YEA OR NAY HERE, UNDER GOD'S SKY' "

held up my finger there'd be half-a-dozen ready to take your places. So be careful, young men, or you'll find Furze Cottage door shut next time you come. One more fight and it *will* be shut." And so saying she stalked off, erect and defiant.

The two men watched her out of sight in silence. Then Stevens shook his clenched fist after her. "You're a reg'lar hussy you are; you no more know what you're goin' to do, than a traction with a slack steering-gear. You're—she's a terrible fine girl," he ended abruptly. A tenderer light came into his eyes for a moment.

"If she can't make up her mind, we'll make it up for her," said Trueman, cooling into red heat. "Before we leave this place, Amos Stevens, we'll settle for better or worse who's to have her."

"Meanin' more fighting?"

But Trueman's neck was still sore, and now that the first paroxysm of blind fury was past, gentler measures suggested themselves.

"No; we'll draw for 'er with straws, long an' short."

"Which I won't do, for one."

"Then toss a copper, heads an' tails."

"Not that either."

"Then we'll fight," roared Trueman fanned once more to white heat by the other's obstinacy.

"I'm ready, you varmint," shouted Stevens, flinging down the remnants of his coat. Trueman put up his fists in front of him as though for an onslaught, and then brought them down on his thighs with a slap. He extended a finger in Stevens' direction, saying "Swivel round." Stevens turned.

"See them engines?" said Trueman. "They're the boys to settle it. Back to back, a line half-way, a long pull, a strong pull, the devil take the loser, and the winner take her. He replaced his hand on his knee and glared at Stevens.

"I'm an honest man an' not free with my employers' goods. Engines aren't so cheap as all that."

"You're 'fraid your new-fangled, all-paint-an'-no-metal, made-in-Germany, steam-pot'll bust. That's what you mean, I s'pose," taunted Trueman.

"It'll see your old road-scraper dead an' buried, you heathen," yelled Stevens in a fresh access of passion. "Yes! you long-legged son of a gun, I'll pull yer."

Trueman's end was gained. The Old 'Un was a bit heavier than the other engine, and nominally stronger. He had never yet taken advantage of Stevens but—she *must* become Mrs. Trueman.

The men turned to their engines. The tarpaulins and funnel-plugs were removed; and after some manœuvring the engines stood back to back, half a rod apart. Trueman dragged up a piece of heavy chain, which had been used in the tree-felling. It was attached at either end to the strong pins in the rear of the tenders. Stevens took his shovel and with it scored a deep line in the turf half way between the points where the two pairs of mighty driving-wheels touched the earth.

The shovel struck something hard. "Rock," he muttered; then, tearing his handkerchief, he placed a half at each end of the line, so that it might be more visible in the growing darkness. Trueman noticed the act and remarked, "There'll be plenty of light," and with his finger he indicated a brilliant moon, rising in full splendour among the trees.

"Ten minutes for stoking," said Stevens, "and then——"

The other jerked his head in assent, and took up a coil of wire that lay on the tender. He unrolled it, and going forward passed it over the lever of the safety valve and fixed the loose ends firmly together beneath the boiler.

"What's the meaning of that?" demanded Stevens abruptly.

"It means that the Old 'Un won't blow off at a hundred and twenty to-night, that's all," was the curt reply.

Stevens imitated the manœuvre with a cord used for binding down the tarpaulin cover. "It's worth risking a shilling, when there's a pound to win," he confided to his engine.

At the end of the ten minutes each man stood in his tender, hand on regulator.

"One, two, three," cried Trueman, and the steam hissed into the cylinders. The slack chain sprang into a straight line; the links cracked as they tightened in their places. Then neither engine budged an inch further, for the pressure in the boilers was as yet but moderate.

The pointers in the pressure-gauges gradually crept round. Steam began to hiss at joints, but the engines stood like rocks. Stevens tried a stratagem. Shifting the lever which detaches the steam gear from the driving-cogs, he let the fly-wheel run free for a second or two. Sparks flew up in a golden shower; the engine swayed with the vibration, and retreated slowly. Trueman, thinking the opposition machinery to have broken down, uttered a hoarse cry of triumph. But scarcely had it left his lips when Stevens suddenly threw his engine into gear again. The New 'Un cracked all over beneath the shock, and the driver flung his arm in front of his face as though expecting to be struck by some flying fragment. But the new engine stood the strain. The enormous momentum of the fly-wheel caused it to start forward a couple of feet, dragging the other after it.

"Curse the thing," growled Trueman. Throwing open the furnace door he coaxed the fire with lumps added judiciously here and there. He struck a match and consulted his steam-gauge.

Stevens peering forwards, saw that the finger was nearing the escape mark.

The engines throbbed with energy. First one backed a little to get a better pull, then the other. So great was the strain that both engines reared up in front like horses plunging, and came to earth again with a sudden thud. On the whole, small progress was made by either; but the corrugations on the newer wheels had a firmer grip of the ground. Stevens observed with satisfaction that he had advanced a yard.

The other dismounted from his quivering engine and turned the tap at the side of the rear tank. A ton of water less in the engine, he reasoned, a ton less dead weight to pull. Excitement plays strange tricks with the reasoning powers. Stevens was watching with gleaming eyes; he knew better than to act likewise.

The Old 'Un suddenly gave a few angry snorts, and Trueman looked to see what it meant. To his chagrin he found his engine as near the line as before.

"A slip, by the living Jingo," he exclaimed. Then it dawned upon him that he had made a double mistake. The ground beneath the wheels was turning into slippery mud, and his engine had less gripping power than ever. Again and again the wheels revolved, until a grating sound told that they touched the rock.

"If you can't pull, you can bust," he said savagely, striking another match. The steam pressure was at 130 pounds; the stout wire alone kept the safety-valve from doing its duty.

"Have a care, man," said Stevens, who began to feel a vague discomfort and apprehension, "or you *will* bust 'er."

"You mind yer own concerns," shouted Trueman with heat, "an' keep yer dirty eyes off my dial."

At that moment his water-gauge burst, flooding the tender with boiling water and steam. Stevens leapt from his engine, but by the time he reached the ground Trueman had closed the gauge-taps, beside himself with pain. When Stevens approached the wire to loosen it, the big driver seized his stoking-iron and struck a mighty blow at his opponent.

"Hands o-o-off, you blackguard; jack it, will ye."

Fortunately for Stevens, the boiler intercepted the blow, but the iron glanced off its side and numbed his arm to the elbow.

"You coward," he roared. "If you will be boiled, you can be;" and springing back to his engine he opened his regulator to the utmost. Again and again the engines strained and struggled, pawing the air. Gradually the Old 'Un slipped back on the treacherous rock. Its driving-wheels passed the line, through which they scored two broad furrows; then, meeting firm, unsodden ground, they refused to go farther.

"Oo! Oo!" groaned Trueman, in agony, until Stevens' heart softened. Once more he dismounted; but as he approached the Old 'Un with the words 'White flag, mate, flag o' truce,' the big driver took his shovel and raised it threateningly. Stevens returned to his foot-plate with a cold sweat on his forehead.

"Who says I can't shunt them trucks?" screamed Trueman. Well! but I *will*, if I burst 'er. You mark my words, Tom Bailey, or I'll shunt *you* pretty quick. No! you don't come up on this engine, I tell 'ee. It ain't safe, I'm afire; my head's a hot burning coal. Look out, Tom Bailey, or it 'll bust."

Hethrew down the shovel, and clapped both hands to his head. Sunstroke and bodily pain had combined to work their will on a mind already over-strung by excitement. Once more he addressed the imaginary Tom Bailey, who in the flesh was his steerer.

"Go quiet, Tom, or you'll frighten her. We'll clap her into the fire. She's set me a-fire, that's six; I'll fire her, that's half-a-dozen. Go quiet, quiet, or she'll slip off."

His voice sank into a mere whisper. His mind was rambling again already.

"Take notice that this bridge is only for ordinary traffic.—Warning to Drivers. Ay! Tom, let out the water. We'll rest at bottom o' the hill; it's steep an' the load's heavy. But we'll get up it, we'll get up it, we'll—get—up—it."

His voice rose to a shriek, horrible to hear.

Stevens watched the madman looming

huge in the moonlight. What was to be done? Discovery meant ruin; continuation meant—he dared not think.

A trembling hand was laid on his arm. Agnes Flower stood at his elbow, raising piteous eyes to his.

"Amos," she quavered. "For God's sake stop; you must; I was afraid something else would happen, so I came back. I've been watching. *He's staring mad.* I'm going for father."

Ain't she a beauty, a reg'lar pictur, as pretty a bit o' metal as ever came out o' the shops; a stunner for goin'. Clear the road, sharp, or"—

The sentence was never finished. The two terrified onlookers saw the engine rush forward towards the fatal pit, bounding, bumping on until it disappeared bodily with a crash. A moment afterwards came a terrific, sickening report—a thick white cloud obscuring



"HE'S STARING MAD. I'M GOING FOR FATHER."

"You'd best, lass," he jerked out, in an awe-stricken voice. "I can't leave. If I backed, the engines 'd run into the quarry: and I can't go near him. Ha!"

The over-taxed chain parted with a loud snap. The engines sprang apart instantly, but Stevens had his under control at once. The other leaped madly forward, unchecked.

Triumph was in Trueman's voice:

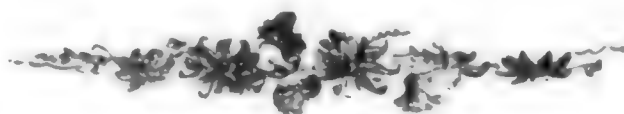
"She'll pull, won't she? Didn't I tell 'ee, Tom Bailey? Look at 'er!

the moon—the sound of falling fragments—then silence.

"Heavens! What was that?" exclaimed John Flower, taking his pipe from his mouth and flinging open the door of Furze Cottage. In the road were already several men. "It seemed to come from the Common way," said one. Soon lights twinkled over the common, as people hurried up to where the great misty cloud hung in the moonlight. John Flower peered into the

quarry, attracted by the sound of hot coals hissing in water, and there he saw what had once been Joe Trueman and the Old 'Un, the latter a mass of twisted tubes. Steve Adams was at his side. Neither dared to speak. A hail from behind made them turn towards the other engine, where a body lay in the tender, crushed beneath a huge fragment of boiler-plate. The rapidly-increasing group noticed the rope imprisoning the safety-valve, the high pressure, the

marks of conflict, the broken chain. Someone coming up stumbled over a dark object in the shadow of a bush. It was Agnes Flower, insensible, but uninjured. Her father leaned over her and chafed her hands. "Friends," said he in a choking voice, "it's clear as day now. They pulled for her, but Death came an' said "She's for neither, and neither's for her. It'd be God's own mercy to her if she never came to again."



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# Some Old Gardens

WRITTEN BY "GLENAVON" ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

BY M. ACTON AND M. CHANNELL

"God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures."

*Bacon.*



THE love of flowers is so general that it would seem as if we had inherited this taste from our first parents. Our gardens are, alas! no longer paradise, yet to them we still owe some of the purest and most lasting of our joys. Perhaps only a genuine country-lover, who, having long been exiled from the woodlands and pastures of his childhood, and compelled to live in a dreary waste of bricks and mortar, has at length returned to the old home, can fully realise all that the possession of a garden implies, its soothing influence on heart and nerves, its unfailing interest, and its ever-varying charm.

Amateur gardeners fall more or less distinctly into one of three classes: 1st—those who look upon their gardens as botanical collections, whose flower-beds, however attractive they may be when examined in detail, are apt to be, as a whole, vaguely reminiscent of the shelves of a museum. The borders positively bristle with labels, some of the tiniest Alpines possessing polysyllabic and jaw-breaking names, which, when recorded in full, have a knack of looking far more important than the delicate plants themselves. Moreover, an all-pervading and aggressive neatness detracts from such gardens that very quality of apparently natural grace which is as essential to the beauty of a garden as to that of a woman, though in both cases it may be actually the result of culture.

2nd.—Those who grow for exhibition, priding themselves on the production of specimen plants with gigantic blooms, such people always seem to value a flower in proportion to its rarity, and

are wont to speak contemptuously of the wildings of nature beloved by poets as "weeds." They prefer the grotesque and the unusual in the floral world to the beauty that is obvious, and will ruthlessly sacrifice the natural growth of a rose or chrysanthemum that they may have a symmetrical plant bearing some half-dozen blossoms as big as soup-plates. A gardener of this type lives in a state of perpetual and not altogether friendly rivalry with his neighbours, and is never so happy as when criticising other folks' gardens. If you enquire the name of some unfamiliar plant, he will give the desired information in a tone which implies astonishment at your crass ignorance—even when a favoured visitor is presented with a bouquet, the flowers are gathered with a niggard hand, each blossom being severed from the parent plant with so short a stalk that it will be quite impossible to arrange it satisfactorily in a vase.

3rd.—Those who appreciate gardens chiefly from an artistic standpoint, who love to dream and meditate in cool alleys, or to stroll along an herbaceous border culling such blossoms as take their fancy, handling the flowers with caressing touch, caring not at all whether they are rare, if only they be beautiful, enjoying the play of light and shade on lawn and copse, noting each subtle harmony or daring contrast of colour, listening with attentive ear to earth's many voices, drinking in long draughts of beauty, filling their souls with infinite peace and contentment—sometimes these poetic natures are skilled floriculturists and learned in the science of botany; but, on the other hand, they may be ignorant of any but

the commonest titles of the plants which they regard as friends, and welcome each returning season with a thrill of keen delight. Fortunately our enjoyment of a garden is not wholly dependent upon our knowledge, neither does the beauty of a garden vary in proportion to its size. Many a cottager's plot wherein the roses and lilies run riot amongst the potatoes and cabbages is a sight for sair e'en, while the pleasaunce of a peer may be cold and unsatisfying, in spite, perhaps even because, of its grandeur and vastness. The accom-

soil of Warwickshire being very favourable to the growth of these and other kinds of trees—notably, elms and oaks. Indeed, the chief glory of the Midlands is the timber, which, enhanced by miles and miles of undulating pasture-land, gives to the whole district the appearance of one vast park.

For a full account of the Vicarage garden at Bitton, the reader must be referred to Canon Ellacombe's most interesting book already mentioned. By his kind permission, a photo is here reproduced of a garden which "was



CEDARS AT LORD NORTHBROOK'S, MICHELDEVER, HANTS

*From Photo by M. ACTON*

panying photographs have been carefully selected to show the possibilities of moderate-sized and even of small gardens. The exception is a view of Lord Northbrook's place, Micheldever, Hants, which has been introduced to give some idea of the charm of a smooth expanse of well-trimmed lawn, shaded by stately trees. Canon Ellacombe, in "A Gloucestershire Garden," says, "If I were limited to one tree, I should choose a cedar of Lebanon." At Warwick Castle, and also at Guy's Cliff, cedars may be seen in perfection; the

famous more than half-a-century ago, when Haworth and Herbert, Anderson, Falconer, Sweet, Baxter, and others took such an interest in bulbs and hardy flowers." It is a garden chiefly remarkable for its rich store of herbaceous plants. When we had the privilege of visiting it, in leafy June, it provided for us a veritable feast of roses, ranging in colour from purest white to deepest crimson; roses growing in sweet profusion, as bountiful Nature intended they should; clambering over wall and trellis in a tangle of loveliness; queening



BITTON VICARAGE

*From Photo by M. ACTON*

it amongst pansies, irises, peonies, lilies, pinks and foxgloves, and refuting by their genial presence in a mixed border the very prevalent notion that they can be grown only as a thing apart—a theory, by the way, which has done much to spoil the beauty of English gardens, by banishing the best beloved of our floral treasures to kitchen gardens or to roseries, hidden away from general view. Besides the roses, which were on that summer afternoon the dominant note in a scale of harmony, we remarked particularly a magnificent white wistaria, whose graceful sprays hung down in snowy masses from a rustic archway. In the same border we came across a lovely group of flowering plants, composed of white fabianas, and a slender rose acacia, with its exquisite blossoms. We enquired the name of a giant fennel, and were told it was "*Ferula glauca*." A fine palm flourishes in the open, and besides some rare Alpines (in a rock garden) Canon Ellacombe grows several varieties of bamboos. The level lawn is shaded by some very beautiful and well-selected trees. A spreading cedar of Lebanon first claims attention, then the two old yew trees growing near

together, which are represented in a painting quite two hundred years old, and which carry a swing that has afforded amusement to several generations of the village children. There is a Salisburia or jingko-tree from Japan, of which the foliage resembles that of the maidenhair fern, a tulip-tree, a catalpa *syringæfolia*, and some tall Wellingtonias, whose stiff dark forms contrast admirably with the lighter shades of green around them. The Canon has hit upon a happy solution of the label problem. His labels are all enamelled black, and are consequently inconspicuous, though the names, which are inscribed with a stiletto, are quite legible without undue stooping. To Bitton vicarage garden belongs a calm and peaceful atmosphere. Perhaps the close proximity of the church and the "garden of sleep," which lie just beyond the fence, and are plainly visible, accounts for the tinge of melancholy, or rather of chastened sweetness which makes itself felt, our enjoyment being just touched with a shadow of remembrance, "We all must fade as doth a flower." This garden is not a large one (about one and a-half acres in extent)

but where else in a similar area shall we find so much beauty and variety? It is a garden as distinctive as it is unpretentious, a joy alike to the botanist and the artist—in short, the garden of a scholar and a nature-lover.

Another garden which deservedly finds a place in Mr. Robinson's standard work, "The English Flower Garden," is that of Miss Charlotte Yonge, at Otterbourne, Hants. It is thus described: "Elderfield has always looked an ideal home for an authoress. A little, low white house—nothing but a cottage she calls it herself—covered with creepers, which keep up a succession of bloom, to peep in at the windows. There is a very old myrtle to the right, shorn of much of its height since the very cold winter of 1895; and round Miss Yonge's drawing-room window (the upper one to the left) a Banksian and a summer rose are ever looking in as she writes steadily every morning at the writing table, drawn up close to the window, or tapping at the glass when the curtains are drawn, and they are in danger of being forgotten." Miss Yonge's garden is one of her chief

hobbies, and it well repays her loving care. In this quiet spot the talented authoress finds the retirement which is essential to the production of any serious work.

Limpley Stoke, Somerset, is one of the most attractive villages to be found in all the fair Vale of Avon—high praise, indeed. The place has long been famous for its gardens. In the reign of Charles II. the citizens of Bath and Bristol were wont to repair thither in summer-time, to admire the beauty of the scenery, and to feast on strawberries. The strawberry gardens at Murhill are still the resort of hundreds of tourists during the season.

Murhill House, the residence of Mrs. Spencer Ryder, commands a very extensive view of the surrounding country, being three hundred feet above the sea-level. The garden is in some respects unique. It is situated on a steep hill-side, has a nearly south aspect, and is backed by a dense copse, which affords an effectual protection from the north and west winds. Given such natural advantages, in addition to a rich soil, and a climate which is peculiarly



MISS YONGE'S HOUSE, OTTERBOURNE, HANTS

*From Photo by M. ACTON*

genial, even for the west country, it is not surprising that everything seems to flourish here. Mrs. Spencer Ryder, and her two daughters are "heart gardeners," to borrow Miss Jekyll's expression; they love their plants, and lavish on them a wealth of tender care. The garden has a semi-wild appearance, which rarely fails to delight a visitor, though none but a connoisseur realises how much trouble and patience have been expended year after year to produce such a mass of colour, such variety of bloom, and withal that delusive air of naturalness

garden. A Banksian rose disputes with many another luxuriant creeper its position on the front of the house. Ayrshire roses fall like a foaming cascade over a couple of rustic arches, and the summer-house is also embowered in roses—a tiny white variety, the name of which is unknown to us. The terrace wall is crowned with valerian, red, pink and white; snapdragons, parti-coloured and plain, pinks, sweet-williams, eschscholtzia and cistus. The rock garden, of which an excellent photo is given, exists chiefly for the accommodation of



MRS. RYDER'S GARDEN, LIMPLEY STOKES

*From Photo by M. ACTON*

which deceives most people. One of the chief glories of this garden, when we spent some happy hours there in June, was a fine Chusan palm, *Chamierops Fortunei*, in full flower. This valuable palm occupies a sheltered position, and has been flourishing out of doors for certainly twenty-four years. It blooms annually, has attained to a great height, and has a handsome head of fan-like leaves. It would be quite impossible to convey to the reader's mind, even with the help of photographs, any idea of the variety of plants in this dear old

Alpine plants, but is also the home of many a humble yet beautiful flower. We noticed a great variety of crane's bill, and a quantity of mauve and white rockets—the flower always associated with Marie Antoinette, who prized it highly, no doubt as being a native of her Austrian home. No old garden is complete without one or two medlar and mulberry trees. Mrs. Ryder's garden boasts a grove of gnarled and twisted medlars, and the sloping lawn is shaded by a veteran mulberry, beneath whose branches the afternoon tea-table is





CANON WARBURTON'S GARDEN, THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER

*From Photo by M. ACTON*

usually set. Space forbids a further description of this ideal garden, which is full of bird life, and must surely be the haunt of fairies too, if these little people have not been utterly improved off the face of the earth! Do they, we wonder, dance on the velvety lawn by moonlight, while the nightingales sing rapturous love songs to the roses drenched in dew? Do they aid and abet the birds in their early morning raids on the fruit trees? Or do their invisible hands tend their friends, the flowers, while the world is yet asleep? We mortals know not, our eyes are holden; but the imagination must perforce indulge in such poetic fancies when one stays at Murhill House in midsummer.

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it, blooms the garden that I love," might be applied to Canon Warburton's garden in the Close, Winchester. Lilies grow there in extraordinary profusion, as can be seen in the photo which we have been fortunate in procuring for this article. June is the month of roses and lilies, and may be called the fullest month of the year; our gardens are at

the zenith of their beauty; yet many of us then fly from the calm and cool depths of rural England, that we may enjoy ourselves—save the mark!—in the sweltering heat of a London season.

Our last illustration is a view of the terraces at St. Catherine's Court, a very picturesque and well-known place, about four miles from Bath. The garden is of the stiff and formal type which was favoured by our great grandfathers. Narrow walks of closely-shaven turf, clipped yews, and stone balustrades, inevitably suggest the strutting peacock, the be-ribboned Blenheim spaniel, and the rustle of silks and satins. Many a time and oft must the old, old story have been whispered in this quaint old-world garden. We, ourselves, never visit the place without recalling the ill-fated attachment of Conrad and Elma, which forms the theme of Mrs. Craik's novel "My Mother and I." One of the most pathetic of the love-scenes there related was enacted in the Court garden.

Luckily, no two gardens are precisely alike, so we can never be wearied by their monotony. Gardens, it is true, have suffered at various times from a

foolish desire on the part of their owners to follow the fashionable craze of the hour, but soil and situation and size are three very important factors in the making of a garden, and, as we all know, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." In this case *tant mieux*, for otherwise our gardens might become as wearisome as the latest Paris modes. Gardens, like houses, should be individual. We may generally learn something from each of our neighbours' gardens, but should slavishly copy none. If anything were needed to prove the ever-increasing popularity of gardening as a hobby—a hobby which appeals to the middle-aged and

the elderly, even more than to impatient youth—it is to be found in the large mass of literature which has recently sprung into being, for the instruction and encouragement of the amateur. When such masters of garden craft as Dean Hole, Canon Ellacombe, W. Robinson, Miss Jekyll, and others condescend to give to the world the benefit of a life-long experience, their advice cannot fail to be the means of making the gardens that we love even more beautiful and distinctive than they are at present. It is when artistic perception—a natural gift—and practical knowledge go hand in hand that the highest possible perfection is attained.



TERRACES, ST. CATHERINE'S COURT, SOMERSET

*From Photo by M. CHANNEL*

## OCTOBER SONG



ROBINS that awhile were mute  
Break forth into song once more,  
And the Autumn spreads her fruit  
Near the Winter's door.  
Weigh the wonders of the past  
With the knowledge sure at last :  
Face a present overcast  
And a future hoar.

All we dreamed is yesterday,  
All we know is in this hour.  
If the fruit be poor dismay,  
Shall we hate the flow'r?  
You and I have watched desire  
Bud and blossom, flush and fire,  
Watched a thousand passions tire  
Under Autumn's pow'r.

'Tis the tragedy of Time,  
Re-enacted every year :  
'Tis a sorrow most sublime,  
Utterly sincere.  
Come, my Sweet, the light dies down,  
Let us seek the old grey town—  
Far less old than woodlands brown . . .  
Love grows frightened here.

J. J. BELL.

# Our Railways

WRITTEN BY HAROLD MACFARLANE, WITH ELEVEN DIAGRAMS BY THE AUTHOR



THE magnitude of our railway system cannot easily be grasped by the layman, who though familiar with several of the great corporations having their chief termini in London, cannot in the nature of things be cognisant of the almost innumerable offshoots that feed the great main arteries. Given a blank map of the United Kingdom, a pencil, a flat ruler and the information that the greatest length of Great Britain is about 608 miles, and its greatest breadth 325 miles, he could possibly map out on the road-making system inaugurated by Julius Cæsar a very satisfactory scheme at the cost of 6,080 miles of line, which would allow of ten companies to each possess a track of sufficient length to connect Land's End to John O'Groat's, that would touch a great number of the manufacturing, commercial and shipping spots of the nation—it would doubtless come as somewhat of a surprise to him to learn that the United Kingdom of half-a-century ago, the year George Stephenson died, possessed more miles of line open than were drawn on his plan, and that to-day three and a half times the mileage is stowed away in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales; a close study of the railroad map published in "Bradshaw" will show where.

In Figure 1, the two blots in the centre represent the length, breadth and area of the United Kingdom, the small circle surrounding them shows the total length of line open in 1857, of course drawn to the same scale, whilst the large circle gives an idea of the mileage open to-day. In 1857, the total length of lines was 9,039 miles; according to the latest returns available (*i.e.*

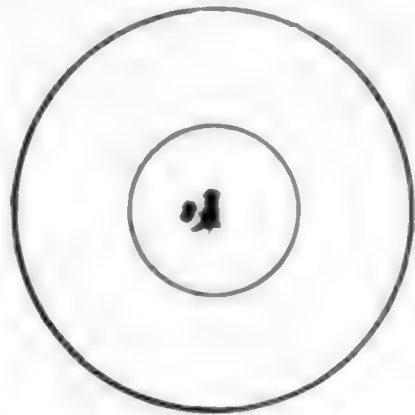


FIG. 1

Great Britain and Ireland surrounded by circles, drawn to the same scale, representing the length of line open in 1857 and 1897 respectively

for the year 1897) there are 21,433 miles of line utilised for traffic in the United Kingdom, or sufficient to encircle seven-eighths of the world at the equator.

Forty-one years ago the paid-up capital of the companies possessing the nine thousand miles of railroad was a mere three hundred and fifteen millions sterling, to-day it stands at about one thousand and ninety millions, a sum which, if taken in sovereigns, would provide sufficient gold to raise a solid column of that metal possessing a diameter of six feet, six hundred and fourteen feet high. In Figure 2, we have replaced the extremely graceful column erected in memory of those Old Westminsters who fell in the Crimean War, by a column possessing the aforementioned properties. From an artistic point of view, we deplore the innovation; but if it gives an idea, by the way it dwarfs the neighbouring Abbey, of the enormous magnitude of the capital it represents, it will have served a more or less useful purpose. If in place of

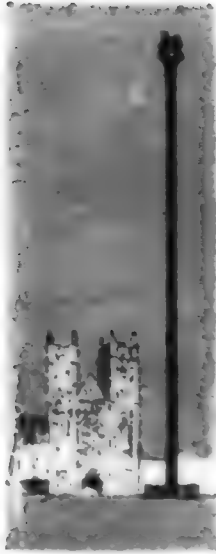


FIG. 2

A solid column of gold, six feet in diameter, and nearly twenty-two feet in circumference, representing the capital invested in railway companies. The column is drawn to the same scale as Westminster Abbey, that appears in the background

melting the sovereigns into a column we took the coins and placed them, touching rim to rim and in single file, they would form a golden ribbon 15,038 miles long, or almost five-eighths of the distance round the world; or, arranged along the Great Northern and other systems forming the East Coast route, a continuous pathway 2 feet 9½ inches wide could be made with them, extending from King's Cross to the Waverley Station, Edinburgh.

Figure 3, we trust, will have a particular interest to the owners of the auriferous column in Figure 2, for in this diagram the large square represents the capital invested in railways throughout the United Kingdom, and the small square the income it earned in 1897; the area of the large square is to that of the small square as 100 to 3·73, or in other words the proportion of net earnings to total capital was about £3 15s. per cent. To earn this 3½ per cent., the gross receipts for the year amounted to almost two twenty-thirds of the capital invested. In Figure 4 the gross receipts are represented by the large coin to the left, the coin to its right being drawn in proportion to the working expenditures (wages, coal, sinking fund and 1,001 etceteras), whilst the

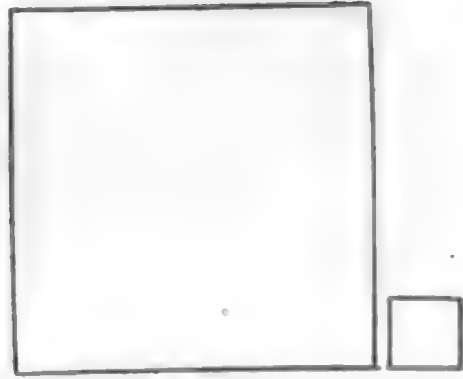


FIG. 3

The large square represents capital invested, and the small square the interest it earns annually

third coin stands for the net earnings. How our railways have increased in importance during the last forty years can be roughly gauged by a comparison of the coin on the right (representing the gross receipts from passengers and traffic in 1857) with that on the extreme left.

Apropos of the gross receipts and net income, it is interesting to note that out of each four shillings and nine and two-thirds pence received from the public (which amount represents the traffic receipts for each train-mile) practically two shillings and ninepence goes in working expenditure, the net earnings being almost two shillings and three-farthings, which seems to indicate that in order to provide 3½ per cent. interest a London and North-Western train from Euston to Lime Street, Liverpool, must convey passengers whose fares amount to £48 1s., out of which sum £27 9s. would go in working expenditure and £20 12s. would remain to pay the afore-mentioned interest. We further note that if railways were run upon purely philanthropic lines (with of course the same economy as at present), that is to say with the question of gain or interest entirely eliminated, we should expect the first-class fare for the above distance to be reduced from 29s. to 16s. 6d., the second-class fare from 20s. 8d. to 11s. 9d., and the third class fare from 16s. 6d. to 9s. 5d. The average cost of a "special" is, we believe (we are open to correction) 7s. 6d. per mile in addition to the ordinary first-class fare, which in the case of one person would mean about 1½d. per mile more, or 2s. 10d. per mile more than the





FIG. 4

The largest coin represents gross receipts from all sources: the next in size, working expenditure: the third, the net earnings. The small coin to the right represents the gross receipts from passengers and traffic in 1857, and should be compared with the coin to the extreme left

average sum received from the public for each train mile run which, as we have seen, allows  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest on the capital.

The distance in miles run by trains in the United Kingdom, amounts to over a million miles a day, a distance (see Figure 5) that would admit of two return or four single journeys from the earth to the sun in the space of a year, if each of the  $19\frac{1}{2}$  thousand engines that form the motive power of the United Kingdom rolling stock, had the whole

portrayed is entirely out of proportion to the distance separating the earth from the sun; there is no engine in Great Britain or even Ireland, that is between five and six million miles long.

The total number of passengers carried in a year, amounts to about three times the total population of Europe, or twenty-six times the population of these Isles; or to put it another way, each man, woman and child in the United Kingdom is carried by the railway companies on an average on twenty-six

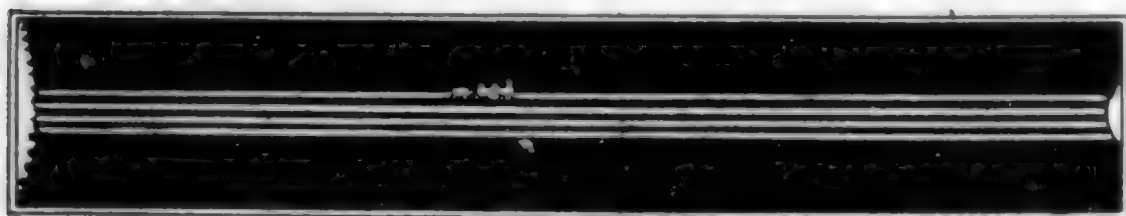


FIG. 5

The mileage travelled by passengers and goods trains in the year is equivalent to two return journeys from the earth to the sun

distance divided up into sections: a single engine moving at the rate of 60 miles an hour without stopping for a single second, would cover the distance between the earth and the sun in rather less than one hundred and eighty-eight years. A million miles a day, is a distance that is with difficulty realised, perhaps the statement that on an average during every second of the year, a distance of eleven and a half miles is covered by trains in Great Britain and Ireland may be more readily grasped. Before dismissing the subject graphically presented in Figure 5, we desire to make it quite clear that the engine there

occasions during the year (this is omitting the journeys taken by season ticket holders); in Figure 6, the squares are drawn in proportion to the numbers affecting each class, the largest square representing the 935 millions that elect to travel third-class, the larger of the two small squares the  $62\frac{1}{2}$  millions that travel second-class, and the smallest the  $32\frac{1}{2}$  millions that find first-class carriages good enough for them. It might be thought that the receipts (represented by the columns standing on the squares) would be in direct proportion to the numbers travelling in each class, but, as a glance at the diagram reveals, this is

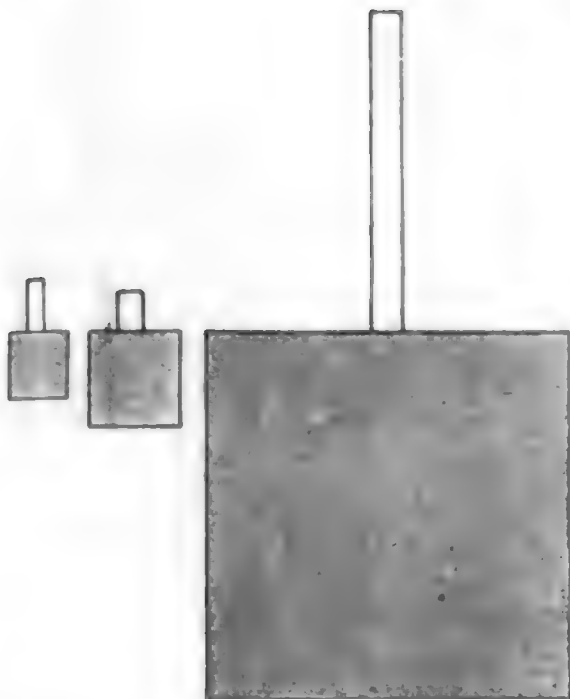


FIG. 6

The column to the left represents the receipts from first-class passengers; the centre column that from second-class; and the right-hand column the receipts from those travelling third. The three squares are drawn in proportion to the number of passengers affecting each of the classes

not the case, for whereas £4,418,000 is received from first-class passengers, only £3,199,000 is received from almost twice the number of second-class passengers, the amount poured into the coffers of the companies by those travelling third-class amounting to no less than £26,419,000 (these sums include season and workmen's tickets issued at special fares). If, by the way, the average length of time taken on each of these journeys was half an hour and the passengers' time was also on an average worth sixpence an hour, then we find the British public spends over five hundred million hours in the train, which would be worth about thirteen millions sterling.

Of the number of passengers taking return tickets, and the number that have those abominable paperslips foisted on to them, that are the bane of the tourist's existence, no statistics are forthcoming, so we are forced to take as our basis for calculations connected with tickets, 'the average sized piece of cardboard dispensed by the ticket clerk.

If we took a sheet of cardboard just thirty acres greater than the total area of Hyde Park, we should have sufficient material to stock every booking office in the Kingdom for one year; this sheet might be further cut so as to be 1,408 feet high (the height of the highest peak of Gibraltar), and over two and a half miles long (the promontory of Gibraltar is three miles in length); in Figure 7, we show the effect if the said ticket was reared up in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar and a gigantic X-ray photograph taken of the scene. The length and height of the ticket (and the mountain) in this diagram are not, for the sake of pictorial effect, drawn on the same scale; Gibraltar, it should be remembered, though three miles long, is only about quarter of a mile high. Naturally, if we cut the "National Ticket" up into slips the width of the ordinary ticket, and placed these slips end to end, we should expect the resultant ribbon to be somewhat lengthy, and it is: so lengthy in fact that after wrapping it round the world at the equator, we found that there was some 12,000 miles of ticket flapping about in space in a manner that would cause grave consternation to Martian astronomers.

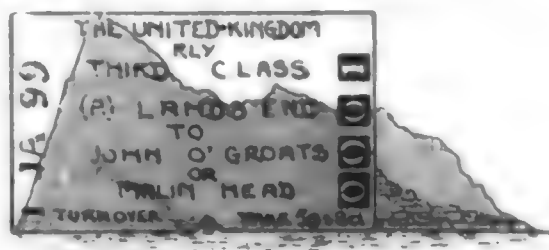


FIG. 7

The National Railway Ticket, with Gibraltar looming in the background

Eventually (see Fig. 8), we solved the difficulty by surrounding the Earth with a "ring" (of tickets), a species of decoration that has been popular (on a larger scale and different material), in the neighbourhood of the planet Saturn for quite a number of years. Determined to bring the tickets into dimensions easy for handling we, figuratively speaking, took them one by one, and tied them into neat little parcels of which there were so many that, when placed one upon another, the resultant column was 677 miles high, and was



FIG. 8

The world surrounded by a ring of tickets  
36,500 miles in circumference

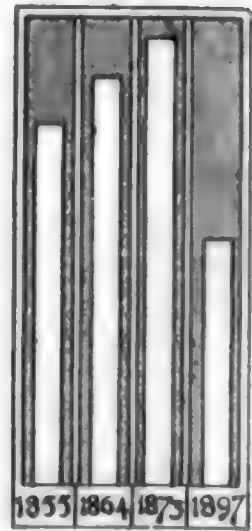


FIG. 10

Showing how accidents became more  
and more frequent from 1853 to 1873,  
and how favourably 1897 compares  
with them

lost to sight though to memory dear. In desperation, we took the two ends of the column and bent them into a perfect half-circle, one end of which rested in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, and the other in the vicinity of "Thrums." In the centre the arc was 215 miles high. With gentle pats and calm reasoning, we induced the half-circle to assume the position indicated by the arc in Fig. 9, and when one end rested at Land's End,

and the other at John o' Groats, we stayed our hand lest the structure should fall into the sea; but even then the centre of the arc was over 125 miles high—we then abandoned the tickets in despair.

There is one side of the railway question that, unhappily, cannot be altogether ignored, though, fortunately, of late years, we have less and less cause to await the statistics respecting it with

apprehension—we refer, of course (as more closely affecting the public), to accidents to passengers. In 1855 (see Fig. 10), when the number of passengers was about 130 millions, the killed and injured numbered 321, which gave an average of 2.5 per million. In 1864, when the number carried had, roughly speaking, been multiplied by two, the killed and injured had increased to still greater proportions, i.e., to 2.8 per million, and Her Majesty commanded her then Secretary, Sir C. Phipps, to call the



FIG. 9

A column of tickets 677 miles high (a year's output) bent into the form of an arc, one end of which rests on Land's End, and the other at John o' Groats

attention of the directors of the various companies to the increasing number of accidents, and to express her desire that every care should be taken to guard against the same. "It is not," wrote the Secretary, "for her own safety that her Majesty has wished to provide, in thus calling attention to the late disasters. The Queen is aware that when she travels extraordinary precautions are taken, but it is on account of her family, of those travelling upon her service, and of her people, generally, that she expresses the hope that the same security may be ensured for all as is so carefully provided for herself. Her Majesty hopes it is unnecessary for her to recall to the recollection of the directors the heavy responsibility they have assumed, since they secured the monopoly of the means of travelling of almost the entire population of the country."

Notwithstanding this letter, by 1873, when the travelling public had again been doubled in numbers, the proportion of accidents had increased to 3·1 killed or injured to every million passengers carried. An inquiry was made, and a circular issued by the Board of Trade the same year, regarding the

prevalence of accidents on railways, and the following year a Commission was appointed to investigate the matter. In 1897 18 passengers were killed, and 324 injured from accidents to trains, rolling stock, etc., while 115 were killed and 1,315 injured from other causes, which gives the proportion of 1·7 persons killed or injured to every million carried. The army of railway servants employed in forwarding the interests of the British public, is more than double the number of the military force we possess, both at home and abroad, and in view of the fact that the proportion of killed to the number employed last year was 1 in 945, and of injured 1 in 113, year in and year out, it must be considerably more dangerous as a calling.

Before we close this article it would be as well to mention that the gross receipts of the railway companies (i.e., the sum spent by the Public in matters appertaining to railways), amounting in the bulk to 93½ millions, represents the sum of £2 19s. 8d. for every swing of the pendulum during the sidereal year, which consists of 365·256374417 solar days. This interesting fact is graphically presented in Fig. 11.

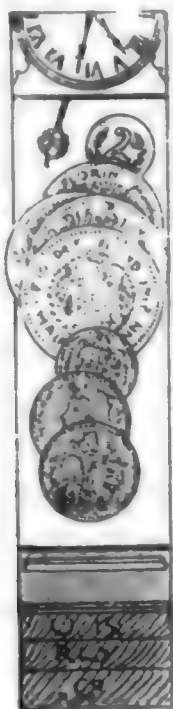


FIG. 11

At every swing of the pendulum during the year 1897 the public dropped the sum of £2. 19s. 8d. in the slot of the railway companies' coffers.

## HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

---

WHAT happiness to feel the blood coursing merrily through your veins, to know no ache or pain, and to be full of life and energy! When we see people who feel like this, the eye rests upon them with pleasure.

The skin is clear and transparent, the eye bright, the hair glossy, and every movement free and vigorous, altogether forming a picture that we all love to look upon.

How different one feels when we meet some poor creature with emaciated figure, dull, sallow look and complexion, crawling along the street, dragging his feet as if every step would prove his last. Should we meet such a person, with one quick glance of compassion we turn our eyes away, giving thanks to Providence that we are not like him.

Such a contrast makes a person pause and wonder as to why there should be so great a difference in the appearance of these two persons, and if of a receptive nature, he will quickly discover that the reason lies in the blood. In the first instance, it is good and pure; in the second, what there is does more harm than good, so contaminated has it become.

We all want to feel and look well, only many of us do not know how to do so; it can only be done by the strictest attention to health and hygiene, eating only what we find from experience agrees with us, taking plenty of exercise without over-taxing ourselves, and by bathing regularly, keeping the skin in good order and the pores open, so that they can do their duty, and get rid of effete matter that would otherwise enter into the blood and poison it. However careful we may be, at some period or other in our lives we are sure to feel some premonitory symptoms which force us to recognise that we are not what we ought to be, and that there is something the matter with us, and Indigestion in some form or other is usually the cause.

When we feel like this there should be no hesitation, something has to be done. How many lives have been ruined by allowing the evil to get beyond the means of repair, which, if attended to at once, could have been remedied, and they would soon have been as well as ever.

This can be done by taking some reliable preparation, whose virtues have been proved over and over again.

Undoubtedly the best medicine containing these qualities which I can recommend is one prepared by Ashton & Parsons, called "Phosferine." It can be obtained of any chemist, and is a permanent cure for Indigestion, nervous disorders, and many other similar troubles.

It is an excellent vitalising tonic and digestive, so that if you are not feeling well and quite up to the mark, you should certainly give it a trial.

That "Phosferine" cures Indigestion and stomach trouble cannot be doubted for a moment by anyone who has seen the thousands of testimonials received by the makers, from all parts of the world.

The Empress of Russia, the King of Greece, and many other members of the Royal Families of Europe, enjoy its benefits, and that says a great deal for it, as people in their position always receive the best medical advice obtainable, and would not be at all likely to take anything unless specially advised of its efficiency.



## HOUSEKEEPING.

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How often do we see a young man start life with every prospect of success ; it looks as if he had only to stretch out his arm and find the coveted apple within his grasp. He strains every nerve to reach it but somehow it always eludes him; time after time he persists in trying, but always without success. His efforts gradually become weaker and weaker, until at last he gives up and resigns himself to despair.

His friends and acquaintances when they see him shake their heads, smile pityingly, and wonder why so bright a promise has been marred.

But the reason is not hard to find, he has indigestion, that bane of human existence, paralysing of all our efforts, that spoils our tempers, and causes more misery than all the other diseases put together. Few people realise how much their health, comfort, and prospects in life, depend upon their cook ; if they did, and always had a good one, fewer would be troubled with indigestion, life would be brighter and things generally would run along more smoothly.

Next to a good cook, good food is essential to our well-being, and especially at this season of the year, with it's high temperature, it is necessary that we give particular attention to what we eat ; the heat affects our appetite, we have very little, and what we have requires to be tempted by something appetising. Joints are out of place, they are too substantial, in fact during the hot weather the less meat we eat the better if we wish to keep cool.

What we really require is something light and tasty, such as jellies, blanc-manges, custards with plenty of fruit, and just as little meat as possible.

All who follow this régime, and at the same time take care of themselves, will soon discover their digestion has improved, and gradually, but surely, feel a change for the better in their general health. They will soon be able to attend to their work without getting that tired feeling that troubles so many, home will seem brighter, their wives kinder, and they will sometimes wonder however under the old conditions they managed to exist at all.

All housewives owe their thanks to Messrs. Alfred Bird & Sons, of Birmingham, whose household preparations have become synonymous with good housekeeping. Their egg powder will be found to do its work admirably, not to speak of the great saving in cost effected by its use. It can always be depended on, not like eggs at some seasons of the year. For making custards, jellies, puddings, and cakes, their preparations will be found invaluable and should be used by everyone ; with their assistance even a novice can prepare the most dainty dishes.

Breakfast as a meal does not receive the attention it should, Doctors all agree it ought to be a good one if work lies before us. A good dish to commence with will be found in Quaker Oats ; it is light and tasty, and does not take nearly so long to prepare as oatmeal, having been already partially cooked.

## THE HIDE AND LEATHER MARKET.

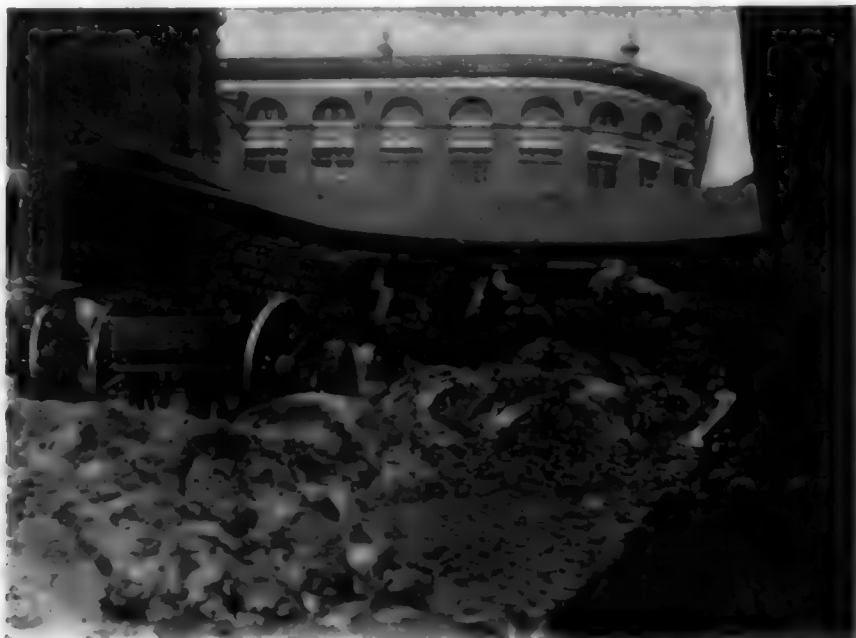
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SOME ONE asked me the other day if ever in my wanderings I had come across the great Hide Market of London ; and that, if not, it was well worth a visit. I had not, and, being naturally curious, thought it would be a good idea to investigate it.

So one fine morning, after a few inquiries, I found myself at London Bridge, and from there, a few minutes' walk on the Surrey side of the river brought me to the great hide market, the centre of the leather industry.

It was by no means an inviting sight that dawned upon me, and for a moment I hesitated, debating in my mind as to whether I should go further or not, but finally concluded that having come so far, it were better to go through with it.

Great piles of skins of every description, covered with dirt and grease, were



INSIDE THE MARKET.

to be seen everywhere, and the smell coming from them was overpowering in its intensity ; so literally holding my nose, I slowly struggled along, bent upon getting in as short a space of time as possible all the information in my power.

Everybody was so busy that it was some time before I succeeded in discovering some one able and willing to answer all my questions.

He told me that the hides were chiefly sold to tanners, who removed them to their tanneries close by, where they were washed and the hair removed by lime and chemicals, they were then placed in pits lined with oak bark, layer upon layer, with a piece of bark between each. The pits were then filled with water, and the hides left to soak, sometimes for years, the longer the better for the quality of the leather. It seems hardly credible that years are spent in preparing leather before it becomes fit for use, and yet this is the case. In consequence, it stands to reason that when buying very cheap boots and shoes we are not saving one penny—in fact, to purchase cheap boots and shoes must come more expensive in the long run, because when any shop sells exceptionally cheap footgear, it merely means that their stock has been made from half-prepared hides, and that the leather has only been soaked for a few months instead of many years ; thus boots or

shoes which have been made from it cannot wear well or last so long as the expensive boots and shoes, which are made only from the best prepared leather.

The hides when taken from the pit pass through innumerable processes, depending entirely upon what they are wanted for. If required for boots and shoes, the leather would be first soaked in water until soft and pliable; and shaved to a smooth surface, then dried, sized and tallowed, and the more labour expended on the leather the more pliable it becomes, and thus less liable to crack and crease through wear. The leather at this stage is ready for the shoemaker, who shapes and cuts it into different parts used to make our modern boots. These he sews together on a wooden model of a foot called a last, which when finished is the boot we wear. As the lasting qualities of a boot or shoe depend entirely upon the quality of the leather it is made of, it is thus easy for unscrupulous bootmakers to take advantage of their customers.

And so I would strongly advise people to be very careful in their selection of a bootmaker, neither can we be too particular as to the shape and fit of our footwear, for our comfort has to be considered. Almost every one has experienced



WHERE HIDES ARE CURED

the misery attending the wearing of uncomfortable boots or shoes, and it persisted in, deformity is known to have been the outcome. There are many firms who fit well, and who would never dream of using bad leather in the manufacture of their stock. One of the most reliable firms that I know of, engaged in the sale of boots and shoes is Lilly and Skinner, whose shops are all over London. No other firm can show a greater variety in footwear, and at prices that will suit all pockets. And, should you buy anything from them, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that what you have is the best to be had in the market. When buying good boots and shoes, however, one should be careful they are always kept clean, the dirt should never be allowed to remain for any length of time, and if damp they should at once be thoroughly dried and immediately after rubbed and cleaned thoroughly with some good polish. You should be very careful what kind of polish you use on your shoes; if of poor quality, instead of preserving the leather, it will positively do it harm, and cracks will appear, as perhaps you have already noticed.

A good reliable preparation is "Oxford and Cambridge Cream," obtainable of all the leading boot and shoe stores, also 51 and 52, Newman Street, London, W.

## HOW TO FURNISH AND INSURE YOURSELF INEXPENSIVELY.

.....

OUR forefathers' tastes were simple, their requirements few; they made their homes in caves or holes in the ground, and some soft grass or moss strewn in a corner served as a resting place after the labours of the day were over.

For clothes, they had the skins of animals slain in the chase, that with a roof to keep out the rain and a bed to sleep upon, was about all they required or wished for in those happy bygone days when man's wants were few and easily satisfied.

How very different are the times we live in now! Many things that, not so long ago, were looked upon as luxuries, only to be indulged in by the rich, have, from force of habit, come to be regarded as necessary to our comfort and well-being.

For all that we cannot afford to be different from our neighbours without incurring merited criticism. To get on in the world we have to make out that our affairs are prospering, and this is best done by keeping up appearance at the least possible cost and inconvenience to oneself.

Those about to marry have so many expenses to consider, the first and foremost, which ranks above all the others, is the furnishing of a house, a necessity which requires a great output of money.

This difficulty, however, has lately been smoothed away. Now, no matter how small the income, they may gradually furnish a home of their own. I do not mean to imply that the would-be purchasers should buy their chairs one month, and their table the next, and so on. Oh! dear no; as this would entail a never-ending business; but I would certainly advise the would-be purchasers to buy their furniture on a system of credit, such as is offered by Messrs. Norman & Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street.

The whole house could be furnished in this way, without any one knowing that you have not bought these goods outright.

The furniture is delivered at your house, carriage prepaid, by Carter, Paterson, or any other public carrier, so as to insure the privacy which a transaction of this kind should receive, and you would then pay for it in monthly instalments.

When one realises that it is now possible to obtain furniture on this system, and have, at the same time, a free life insurance policy, which prevents the widow or family from losing the furniture before it has been fully paid for, owing to the death of the hirer, one cannot help hailing as public benefactors Messrs. Norman & Stacey, the firm which has introduced this ingenious safeguard.

For instance, if you buy £200 worth of furniture in this manner and die when you have only paid £150, not only does the furniture become your wife's property, but £150 is also paid to your wife or children.

Anyone intending to purchase furniture I would certainly advise to call on Messrs. Norman & Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., or to write for their beautifully illustrated Catalogue, and it will certainly be a revelation to them to see what can be done in the way of picturesque effect by artistic furnishing.

As Messrs. Norman & Stacey are manufacturers, they are able to offer their customers an enormous choice of goods at very low figures, because in dealing direct with them, all middlemen's profits are saved.

## MISS ANNIE VIVIAN

**H**AS been one of the pretty and popular actresses at the Gaiety for the last six years, and has appeared in London and the Provinces, with the successful musical comedies associated with Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES'S management during that period. Her last appearance on the legitimate stage was at Daly's, in the



MISS ANNIE VIVIAN

*Photograph by Ramadan*

"Greek Slave," but she is now to be seen nightly in the spectacular ballet of "A Day Off," at the Alhambra, where she makes an imposing appearance as "England," in the political tableau in front of the Casino Scene, and as "Achille" in the lovely little ballet of "Napoli."

A. H. V.



RESULT OF OUR  
**GRAPHOLOGY COMPETITION ;** OR, CHARACTER INDICA  
 BY HANDWRITING.

*In the August Number of "The Ludgate," 1899.*

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THE FIRST PRIZE OF £2

HAS BEEN WON BY

**RICHARD KING, Esq., Union Club, Belfast.**

THE judgment is deductive, and you would invariably reason all the ins and outs of a question thoroughly before coming to any definite decision in the matter. You have tact and finesse, have some adaptability, and can generally suit you to whoever you happen to be with, and yourself to circumstances. You are very imaginative.

---

THE SECOND PRIZE OF £1

HAS BEEN WON BY

**MARY SINCLAIR, c/o Mrs. Hely, 14, Portland Place North, Dublin.**

GOOD conversational powers are seen here. You have always plenty to say for yourself, are fond of children and animals, and are always ready to enter into and sympathise with the trials and troubles of those around you, and to help them in any possible way. You are generous in money matters, and are rather sensitive to slights.

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THE THIRD PRIZE OF 10s.

HAS BEEN WON BY

**T. W. H. GARSTANG, Esq., Knutsford, Cheshire.**

You have artistic tastes, and would not feel at ease if your surroundings were not in perfect harmony and good taste. You are fond of ease, have intuitive judgment, and are observant of all that is going on around you. You are kind-hearted and generous, have a firm will, and tenacity of purpose.



# The Story OF GOLD OLAF.

WRITTEN BY NORA HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTEITH DODSHON

**T**HE time was the middle of the last pagan century that Norway knew; the day was mid-March, sunny and cold, the place, the King's house at Nidaros. Great and fair it was, for the last King had taken delight in beautifying his dwelling-place, and in the long hall where young King Olaf gave audiences to his people, were gathered together all manner of rich and costly things, silk hangings that outland merchants had brought from far-away Constantinople, furniture of wood, carved and painted by patient Lapp fingers during long winter months, shining walrus-teeth, and spined and twisted shells gathered up by Norse sailors in seas far west. But the King's high seat was of plain Norway pine, and bare of all ornament, and the King's kirtle and cloak were of brown vadmál, and as plain in fashion as any peasant's gear. There had been music sounding in the hall, but it was silent now, and Gold-Olaf's most favoured scald sat silent and sullen behind his master's chair, for the King would have none of his smooth love-songs, nor even a battle-tune of "Hjalmar in Samsey." Some one whispered "The King's dark mood is on him," and silence dropped swiftly on the

crowded hall, while Gold Olaf, King of Norway, leaned back in his high seat with a tired smile on his grave young mouth. He was very weary of his manifold duties, and there was no pleasure to him in the knowledge that in his right and left hands he held the happiness and sorrow of a great kingdom. To his mother the barren gold of kingship, and the power of which it was the outward symbol, were both very dear and sweet, but they were neither sweet nor dear to Gold Olaf.

Some strange wisdom he had plucked from a stormy childhood and a wandering youth, and now that the years of exile were over, and he sat in old King Haufud's place, he kept this wisdom with him still. But with all his wisdom he was Norseman enough to love action too, and there was not in Norway a swifter skater, a bolder cragsman, or a stronger swimmer than Gold Olaf, and his rough liegemen forgot and forgave their king's wayward fits and strange spells of musing, when he stood up before them at the Althing to hearten them up with bold words and wholesome counsels.

Now, however, he was weary, and no chance had been given him of speaking words of courage and counsel; all day

long he had sat in his high seat and given judgment for the widow against the man who had broken into her byre, for the orphan lad upon his father's slayer, for the creditor upon his debtor. And still the people gathered lower down the hall, and angry eyes and sad eyes turned to him expecting redress and comfort. Gold Olaf sighed an impatient sigh, "And while rich Nidderings spoil the widows, some of my folk starve in Nidaros," he said to himself, "and no man recks of his mate's grief or that the night cometh to all. Well, ere it come indeed to thee, Olaf Haufudsson, do thy near duty!" He leaned down to stroke the great hound that lay at his feet, its liquid brown eyes intent upon his face. "Good fellow, stout fellow, what knowest thou of divided duties? Happy art thou, my hound—more happy than I. Amundsson," turning sharply to the old man who stood over the fireplace, kicking the blazing logs with his spurred foot, "let them come to me who wait yonder. Yon Gothlander first—my own folk must give place to her gray hair."

"Yon Gothlander" had a tragic tale of jealousy and murder to tell, and she told it with a dry, hard composure that stirred Gold Olaf's pity more powerfully than any tempest of tears could have done. When her tale was done he held out his hand quietly, and as quietly she clasped it. "Thou and thine shall be righted," he said gravely, "and that or ever a se'nnight be over-past. Meanwhile, go thou hence and wait, and I will not fail thee."

"He is over-good for Norroway," the Gothland woman said to the companion who joined her as she left the king's presence, "and the Norse folk will tire of him soon enow, unless—unless——"

"Well, mother?" the girl asked, looking at her with listless blue eyes.

The Gothlander laughed.

"Never trust me, Gudrun, but thou art fair enough to cozen wiser men than Gold Olaf. Never knit thy brows, child, for that breeds wrinkles, but let us get to the homestead with all speed, for on the seventh day Olaf will come."

"How know ye that, mother?" the girl Gudrun asked, with a sudden gleam in her eyes.

But the Gothlander laughed and shook her head, and would say no more.

On the seventh day she came to Gudrun as she sat spinning in the sunlit threshold of their cottage on the shoulder of Gold Hill, and there was a light of triumph in her face. "Lift thine eyes, daughter," she said, "and confess I am no mean prophetess, for yonder rides Gold Olaf up Gold Hill."

Gudrun neither answered nor lifted her eyes from her wheel, and only when Gold Olaf dismounted and stood before the two women, bareheaded, did she betray any knowledge of his presence. She rose then, made him a listless reverence, and waited with her eyes cast down and her hands lightly clasped, while he spoke to her mother.

"Thy wrong is near righted, dame Rotha," he said. "There ride behind me two of my house-carles, and they bear bound with them the man who wronged thee. Thou shalt judge him."

"It is well done, and like Gold Olaf," Rotha said quietly.

Gold Olaf looked at her curiously. "What knowest thou of me? Until a se'nnight since I had not seen thee"

"I know of Gold Olaf what his mother knows not," Rotha said. "I know of the nights wherein he has lain sleepless, yearning over his people, and how the worship of Thor and Frey, and Odin himself, contents him not; and how he has sickened of his wisdom when he looked on the foolish faces of his people, and wished unlearned all the teachings of wood and wave."

"Art thou a witch then?" Gold Olaf said hoarsely, "or a nightmare from England."\*

"But in these things Gold Olaf puts no faith," Rotha said with a smile that had in it somewhat of mockery. "I am no witch, King Olaf, and all my knowledge I get from yon maiden——"

Olaf turned and looked at her for the first time, and caught his breath in a hardly-checked exclamation, for his eyes were dazzled with her beauty. And though he did not guess it then, as she looked up and met his gaze, his Fate

\* Author's Note: Nightmares in old northern stories were invariably supposed to come from England—why, I do not know.

looked at him through the clear, cold eyes of Gudrun Gold-Hair.

"Thy daughter is she?" he stammered to the smiling Gothlander.

"My daughter in love, but not in blood. In the battle where my husband was slain I found *her* when I sought *him*,

"Knowest thou naught of thy kin?" Gold Olaf asked, turning to the girl.

Gudrun's lips parted in a dreamy smile, but she did not speak.

Rotha nodded mysteriously. "Herra, of them she will not speak, but on stormy nights she will forth and call



"'THY WRONG IS NEAR RIGHTED, DAME ROTH,' HE SAID."

laid asleep with her head on the body of a Gothlander. A maid of twelve years she seemed, but dumb as a babe, and three full years was it ere I taught her the Gothland speech, but more I learned of her than ever I taught her, and her sleep is fuller of wisdom than my waking."

to them by the hour together, and," lowering her voice to a whisper, "I think she comes of Valkyr kin."

Gudrun's white cheeks flushed into bright colour now as a trio of horsemen came over the brow of Gold Hill—two stout Norsemen on either side, and in the middle, his hands bound behind his

back, a slim, handsome lad with long black curls falling from beneath the scarlet silken cap he wore.

"It is he, indeed," Rotha said, her grey eyes dilating. "It is Einar of Sand, who slew my son and burned the stead about my head, and would have taken my daughter by force. Well met at last, Einar of Sand."

The young man never even looked at her; his eyes were fixed on Gudrun's drooping figure and downcast face.

"Well met at any time and any tide, Gudrun Gold-Hair," he said, with a curious inflection as of laughter in his soft voice. "When we meet in Nifheim —"

Gudrun lifted her eyes then, and gave him a long look, that it was, perhaps, as well Gold Olaf did not catch, so full of passion and pain it was.

Einar of Sand met it with one almost as passionate and infinitely sadder, then he turned in his saddle and addressed the Gothlander: "I am in thine hand, mine enemy, what wilt thou with me?"

"What will ye with him?" Gold Olaf asked, almost in the same breath. "He is in your hands to punish."

Rotha came forward a step or two, smiling.

"Hark, while I count the things thou owest me, Einar of Sand," she said slowly. "My son, Vali, thou owest me, for thy sword slew him when he stood in the gateway of his mother's stead to do battle for his mother and his sister Gudrun; and more thou owest me. There stands not a rafter of my fair hall, nor a beam of my barns, and the steers plough no more in any fields of mine. House and hold, oxen and gear, barn and grain, thou owest me also, Einar of Sand. Gudrun Gold-Hair thou owest me not, indeed." She paused a moment, then added, sternly: "Answer before Odin and Thor, and before Gold Olaf, that these things be true."

"These debts be truly numbered, before Odin and Thor and Frey," the young man answered her carelessly, still watching Gudrun.

"Now answer, lord," Rotha cried, appealing to Gold Olaf. "If there be not a law that gives the creditor right upon the debtor's body?"

"Wouldst thou claim that right?" Olaf asked gravely. "Assuredly it is thine."

"It is mine!" Rotha cried, triumphantly, "and I claim it mine. Seven days hence, Einar of Sand, if thy kinsfolk redeem thee not at the Thing, I will have my rights of thee, life and limb, even to the uttermost of the law."

Gudrun woke from her reverie now, and sprang forward with a cry, "Wouldst thou maim him, mother? Nay, but it shall not be. Gold Olaf, I call on thee —"

"Nay, Gold-Hair, spare thy breath," Einar of Sand said lightly. "Deny not thy mother of her rights, nor Gold Olaf of the gladness of drying thy tears."

"She shall not be denied," Gold Olaf said, in sudden and fierce anger. "Carles, take the losel hence, and lodge him safely until the day that the Thing meets. Maid"—as he loosed Gudrun's hands from his cloak—"this man I cannot yield thee; but, if thou wilt, I will give thee another man, lith and limb, over to thy mercy—and that man is myself, the King of Norway. Answer me not now, Gold-Hair, but answer me on the day the Althing meets."

Gudrun smiled, and did not speak; and when the day of the Althing came she spoke and did not smile, but stood up gravely, in the sight of the people, before the altar of Freya, the love-goddess, while she and the King plighted their troth.

"I swear by Thor and Tyr, and Odin, who hears all oaths, and Saga, who remembers them," Gold Olaf said, turning to face his people, with Gudrun's hand in his, "to be faithful, and loving and honest to thee, Gudrun; and this not for a season, but for all time."

"And I," said Gudrun, speaking very clearly, "will be true wife to thee, Olaf Haufudsson, and I will give thee faith for faith, and trust for trust; and this I swear in the name of Vali and Vé."

"Be faithful man and wife, and be gracious King and Queen," murmured the priest in their ears, "and the gods



give ye love and length of days, and fair fruit in the days that are to come."

For a minute there was silence, and then, hand-in-hand, Gudrun and Olaf went out into the open, and the waiting crowds saw their Queen, and shouted uproarious welcome to her.

"Strange gods, my sweet," Gold Olaf whispered, when they were next alone, and Gudrun sat in a purple-covered chair beside his high seat. "Strange gods to swear by, Gudrun, this Vé and Vali; though the old books say, indeed, that these two only shall outlive the twilight of the Gods."

He lowered his voice, glancing at the house-carles running to and fro in the hall, busily preparing the long tables for the coming banquet.

"Are *all* thy faiths strange, my Gold-Hair; and have I taken to my heart a riddle that I cannot read?"

Gudrun laughed oddly.

"Read *me* a riddle," she said. "What do they now, outside, lacking us, my lord?"

"My mother holds the Thing, sweet."

"And *my* mother takes her right of Einar of Sand."

"Not yet is it too late, Gold-Hair. At thy suit I will save him."

"Nay, but I make no suit for him," Gudrun said, straightening the folds of her bridal veil. "Let my mother take her fill of vengeance, and do thou stay by me, Gold-Olaf, if I be fair enow to please thee."

"I will not tell thee utterly how my eyes see thee," the King answered, tenderly, "but thou mayest piece out the tale thyself; for till this day I have loved no woman. And this day, sweet, scarce I know if my arms hold a very woman, or an elf, or a valkyr."

"Is the thing thou knowest, indeed, good?" Gudrun whispered, looking up into his moved face with eyes blue as the sea. "Content thee with it, Gold-Olaf: I am thine—woman, elf, or valkyr, I am thine."

She looked up presently, and drew herself quickly from his arms to give her hand to Rotha the Gothlander, who stood beside them, gazing on them with a satisfied smile. "Good welcome, my mother."

"And fair thanks, my Queen," Rotha

answered quickly. "And to Gold-Olaf thanks for an old wrong mended and a new slave won."

"Is thy new slave thine old foe?" Gold-Olaf asked, with a troubled look.

"Even so, my King," Rotha said.

"It is not well done," the King said, musingly. "The youth is of gallant breed, methought. . . . Gold-Hair, it irks me that thou mad'st me no suit to spare him. . . . I righted thy mother; but was it well done of me, Gudrun? Was it well done of *thee*, Gudrun?"

Gudrun repeated, with a brooding frown, "Well done? Mother —?"

Rotha touched her arm warningly, and she looked up with a wild smile.

"We have naught to do together, thou and I. Thou art the Gothland woman whose debt the King has paid in flesh and blood—and I am Drottning Gudrun now."

"Gudrun, my heart, what words are these?"

"Foolish words, my lord," Gudrun whispered, "so look not gravely on me. Is it so strange that I forget everything, save that I am Queen of Norway; *thy* queen?" in a softer murmur yet. Rotha shrank back, and for a moment bride and groom whispered together, then their hands dropped asunder, and they drew apart, for with horn-blowing and songs and laughter the wedding-guests came trooping in.

\* \* \* \*

Gudrun Gold-Hair sat alone in her chamber, whose window looked down into the walled garden where her women spent their hour of freedom, throwing gilded balls and running races in the sunshine. And as she sat, dreaming, the Queen's fingers were busy, sewing on a scarlet ground the golden boar of her husband's house. And as she sewed, an old song took shape in her memory and she sang:—

"There is no sleep in the resting-places

Built fair by the fretful sea,

Out of the sea-mists alien faces

Frown and lower and laugh at me.

Ever and aye I start from dreaming

To hear the mew and the curlew cry;

Ere dawn I wake with the seagulls' screaming;

Weary to death of the sea am I."

"Weary to death of my life am I," chimed in a deeper voice, and Gold Olaf

laid his hand upon her busy fingers and stopped their swift motion.

"Was it well done, Gudrun?"

"What?" Gudrun looked up at him with parted lips and frightened eyes. "Which one, my husband, of all thy many deeds?"

"Lo you now with what a grace ye name me 'husband,'" Olaf said bitterly. "Might not a wiser man have been fooled as I was fooled?"

"Whose fool is my lord?"

"His wife's," Olaf answered sternly, so sternly that the faint red in Gudrun's cheek flickered into white. But she did not flinch. "Let my lord tell the tale of my sins," she said steadily, "and when he has done I will answer."

"None of thine answers, my snow-bird," Olaf said more gently, "will win back the whiteness to thy plumes. Well—thus the tale begins. No damsel of unknown kin, art thou, but the Gothland woman's child, whose father no man may name. Nay, in this thou mayest be white of soil, Gold-Hair; but yet—spak'st thou a true word, telling me once naught of thy kin thou knewest?"

"Rotha lied and I lied," Gudrun answered calmly. "Tell on thy tale!"

"The man Einar of Sand, who sought to carry thee off, was thy betrothed lover, cast off only when Rotha thy mother saw chance of netting a king-bird. So Einar of Sand's cousin told me to-day. Is it true, or a lie?"

"What said Einar himself?"

"No word of this would he confess to me."

"Ah, true heart!" Gudrun sighed. "Truer than I!"

"Then it is no lie?" Gold Olaf said heavily. "Another thing is said against thee, Gudrun—that with uncouth rites and witcheries ye keep your faces fair and fresh, ye and your mother. And this says my mother, Hervor the Queen, that spells ye twain have flung over me, and laid me often in bewitched sleep."

"Nay, but in all these arts is Hervor the Queen my mistress, unless old tales be false," Gudrun said with a cold smile. "I have heard how when thy father Haudfud lived, he had no will but hers, and, Gold Olaf, is not thy will mine in the wedded year we have known? Never,

if my memory serves, has my will been thine."

"Nay, but to-day, Gudrun, thou shalt not bewitch me," Gold Olaf answered sternly. "I will not let thee gloze over the tale against thee. Look, Gold-Hair, if on thy faith as a true woman, thou canst lay thy hand in mine and say these tales be false, root and branch, then will I put them behind me, and believe in them no more though the Nine Worlds blazoned thee guilty." Gudrun lifted her head and looked at him steadily. "With a lie smaller than those I have told of late, might I answer thee, Gold Olaf, and win thy belief—but some madness has me, and I cannot. Of all these things am I guilty—head to foot I am a lie—a lie!"

"So fair a head," Gold Olaf said dreamily, "so light a foot, my Gold-Hair! Nay, but no more my Gold-Hair," rousing himself abruptly. "I will not put thee away from me, Gudrun, but we must walk sundered all our days."

"Is there then no pardon for thy wife and thy lover?"

"My wife, Gudrun, and my love, but never in this world my lover."

"Stake not thy soul on that, King Olaf." Gudrun started to her feet with a bitter laugh. "By Vali and Vidar, by whom I swear to thee before, I am, indeed, thy lover who loathed thee once."

"My lover, and play me false," Gold Olaf said scornfully. "Ha' done, my lover!"

Gudrun uttered a curious sound, half laugh, half groan, as he turned away and left her.

"By all the wit of evil Loki, my lord has little wit! Thinks he a maid who loves weighs faith and truth in the balance with her love? Wot you well, my love Olaf, a woman's love is god and creed and priest to her while it burneth well." She stepped to the door and flung it wide. "He has left me in ungentle fashion, but I will look forth and see if he speaks of me with that ancient witch, Hervor, and, if he does, will I forth to her and tell some home-truths that shall make her wince, hard as stone though she be. Alone, Queen Hervor? What does my lord?"

The old Queen started up from her

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seat, and faced round on her daughter-in-law with a fierce light in her eyes.

"Thy lord has gone to speak with the folk thou hast made mad, witch Gudrun. They stand thick about the Palace, and the men call for bread, and the women call for thee that they may stone thee. Nay, never turn pale for it, thou hast arts to help thee at a pinch; but Olaf——"

"Thou hast arts also," Gudrun said coldly. "Use them for thy son, Hervor."

Hervor wrung her hands.

"I would have given him the enchanted sword hanging yonder, that he took from his brother Angantyr's dead hand, but he would none of it. Hark ye, Gudrun; will ye draw it?" springing to her feet as Gudrun took the sword down from the wall. "Thou art bold, Gudrun, there is a curse upon it."

"Is there, verily?"

"It was made by red dwarfs in the dark of the moon, and tempered in innocent blood; and who draws it wears darkness as a cloak, and his deeds are evil, but no man dare harm



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him. Give it to Olaf, Gudrun, so strange a weapon will come well from thy hand."

"Ay," Gudrun said, unsheathing the sword, and looking curiously at the runes written along its tapering blade.

"Is it, indeed, so strong and so accursed, mother of Olaf?"

"Indeed, it is. His soul is lost, maybe, that wields it, but 'tis Olaf's body is in danger now; and—What wouldst thou do, Drottning Gudrun?"

"The best of all my deeds, Drottning Hervor."

The old Queen's cry was followed by the snap of breaking steel, and now Gudrun's set, white face changed and softened into more than its old beauty as she said: "Call the house-carles together and bid them hasten to their King's side, but they need not arm them. It is I the people desire, not Gold Olaf, and I am going to them. Farewell, old mother."

How Gudrun reached her husband's side she could not tell, but somehow she passed safe and unscathed through the crowd and the flying stones, and caught his cloak with a wild, glad cry.

"Art thou here?" he said, drawing her close to him. "It is boldly done, Gudrun, but this is no safe rest for my snow-bird."

"I ask no better rest," she said, smiling bravely up at him as a heavy stone whizzed by, just missing her bare head. "Take no care for me, my husband—Ah!"

Olaf had not seen, as she had, the gleam of steel in an upraised hand, and he could not check her in time from throwing herself before him and receiving the dart in her own fair breast. He caught her in his arms as she fell, with a cry of anguish on his lips—hers were set fast and smiling.

"Gold-Hair, Gold-Hair, my sweet!"

"Thy lover," she gasped, "besides thy love. Say—Olaf—thy lover."

"My lover, Gold-Hair! Lover and love, die not yet—wait for thy husband. Hearest thou not, Gudrun?"

But the light of Gudrun Gold-Hair's blue eyes was quenched, and there was no flutter in the heart beneath his hand, and Gold Olaf laid her gently down at his feet and stood up with a set, grey face to meet the mocking eyes of his people. Next moment another dart whistled through the air and found its goal in his breast, and with a smile on his lips Gold Olaf fell beside his wife and died.

Thus Gold Olaf and Gudrun came to the gates of Valhalla together, and entered in unhindered.

